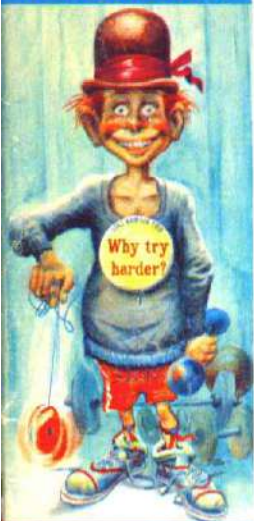


AUGUST, No. 54



LET US
ENTERTAIN YOU

SICK

SKINDIVER'S GUIDE
TEEN BUYER'S GUIDE
INVENTOR'S GUIDE

30¢

PDC

SPOOF

YECH, YECH, IT'S THE MONKEES!



Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Out with the old and in with the new, is a slogan no longer limited to New Year's Eve parties. It's also the "in" thing with today's political parties, as evidenced by the change in voters' tastes, when they chose a prime-of-life type candidate like Ron Reagan on the right, rather than a ready-for-medicare type like Ev Dirksen on the (excuse the expression) left. The funny thing is they're both actors, although Ev is more the comedian—as anyone who has heard his record album will tell you. And Ron tells us he would have never thought of running for the presidential nomination if he didn't have black hair rather than gray. For Ron is aware that the father image went out with high-button shoes—as well as the guys who used to wear them, like Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower.

These days, Ron knows that the public wants the fresh, youthful look, as personified by himself, and the Kennedys. In fact, Reagan is counting heavily on hair in helping him to defeat any presidential bid by Robert Kennedy. He figures if Bobby's mop (that wild thing) keeps growing at its present rate, by 1968 those famous features of his will be completely covered up, thus making him totally unrecognizable to the electorate. And



Reagan is positive he'll clinch his own nomination, barring any major catastrophe in his home state—like the Berkeley students rioting again, and holding the whole state of California for ransom.



Oh, Romeo, Romeo!
Wherefore art thou,
Romeo?

SICK SPOOF

Volume 7, No. 6

August, 1967

No. 54

GETTING READY FOR SUMMER—

Summertime is almost upon us, and all through the land the signs are beginning to show: robins are on the wing; truant officers are playing hookey; grandmothers are dying in droves—on baseball opening day; and up in Central Park the young lovers are happily engaged—in mugging the old lovers. In the spirit of the season, Sick presents its 3-part guide to vacation-time, guaranteeing you a summer you will never forget—if you survive!

1. SCUBA-DIVING—

The underwater sport that gives a man a chance to get away to the "Silent World" beneath the waves—great for husbands with nagging wives. Of course, there are some minor expenses connected with scuba-diving, like: wet suits, oxygen tanks, spear-guns, feet-fins. Come to think of it, it's cheaper to buy a submarine 7

2. ALL ABOUT SWIMMING—

In which Bob Taylor, our part-time cartoonist, and full-time racing tout, gives instructions on swimming and life-saving do's and don'ts. Among the don't's are Bob's rescue technique, used during his first summer as a life-guard. He kept throwing life-savers to drowning men, but they still went under. These life-savers were cherry, orange, grape, lemon and lime 17

3. ICE-CREAM MAN—

Where the sales-manager of the "Smiling Ice Cream Vendors," presents his annual battle plan to his harrassed sales staff. On, "How To Keep In Good Humor Without Really Trying." If you ever intend to enter this field, you will be able to pick up some useful survival hints, like: avoiding third-degree frostbite while climbing into the back part of the freezing compartment to extract the "Flavor-of-the-Month." 31

CATALOG OF TEENS' BUYING GUIDE—

Why should mail-order catalogs be limited to the type of stodgy old fogey's gear listed by Sears and Roebuck? Instead of stuffed moose-heads and long red underwear, Sick prints its own mail-order catalog, chock full of things that teens dig. Real "in" items that run the gamut of teen-age taste, from zip-guns to U.S.D. travel brochures. 44

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WILLIAM B. K.

INVENTIONS WE NEED

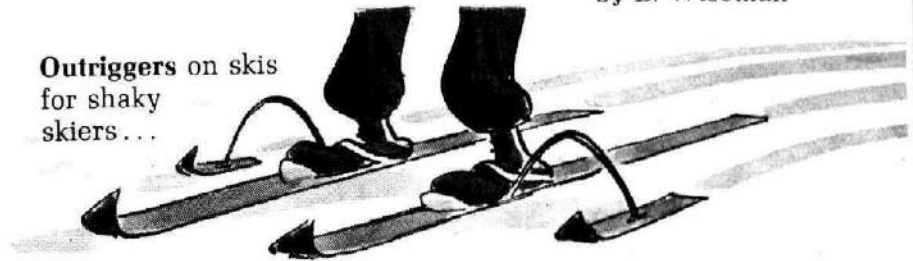
Now that we have T.V., atomic energy, laser beams and other items of that type, it's time to turn our energies towards getting a few inventions that we REALLY need such as:

by B. Wiseman

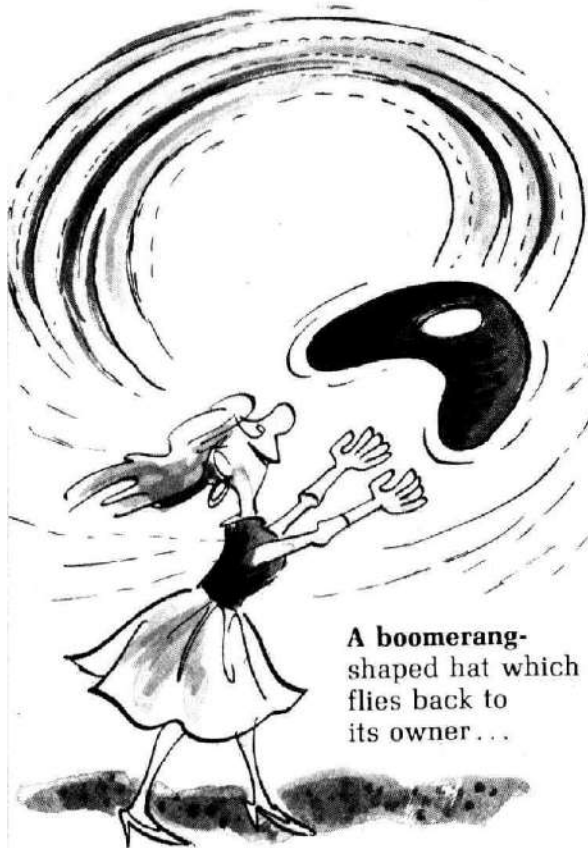
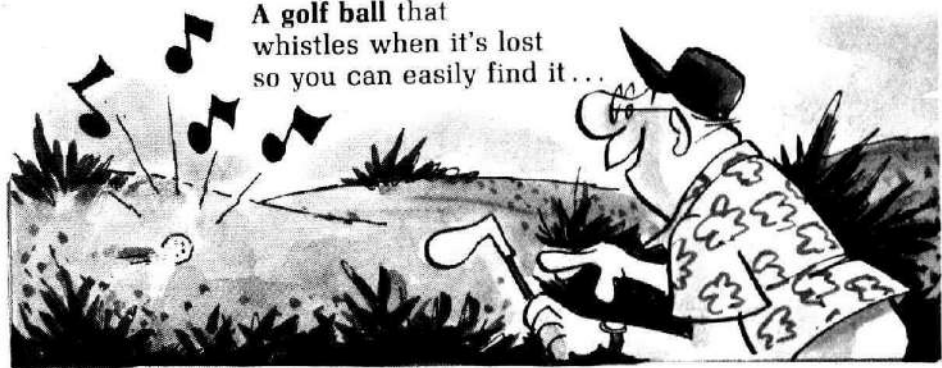


A saucer with drain holes for the coffee that slops over...

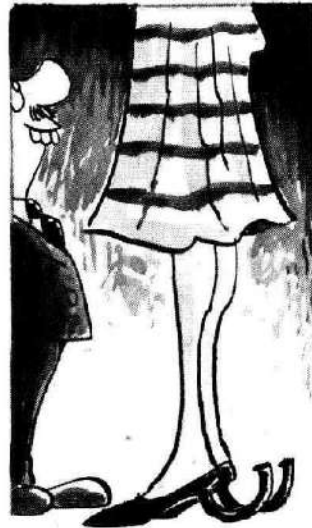
Outriggers on skis for shaky skiers...



A golf ball that whistles when it's lost so you can easily find it...



A boomerang-shaped hat which flies back to its owner...



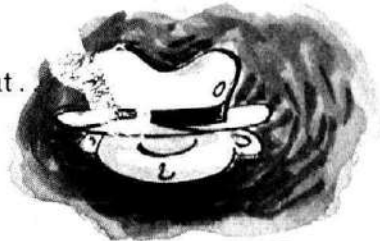
Adjustable heels for girls with short boyfriends...

AN ADJUSTABLE HAT-

before haircut...



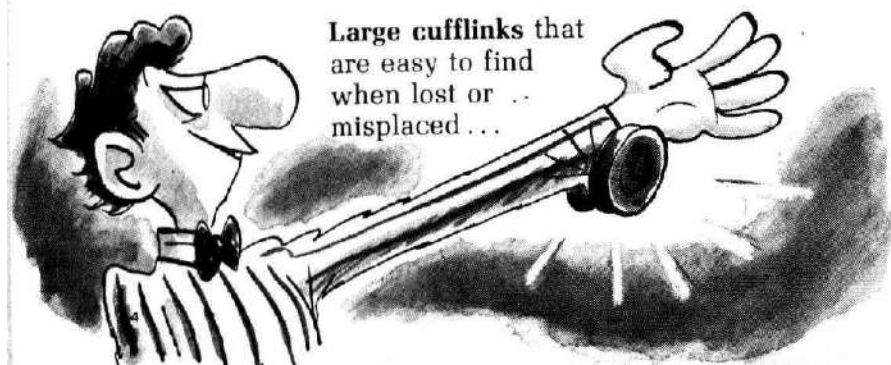
after haircut.



after adjustment!

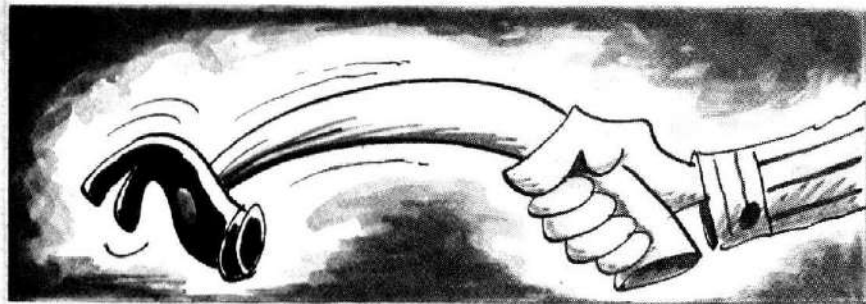


Large cufflinks that are easy to find when lost or misplaced...





A two-handed umbrella which can be used either way when blown inside out...



Soft hammers for people who hit their thumbs...

A modern chair with two holes for people who like to sit back-wards...



A coffee cup with two handles in case one breaks...

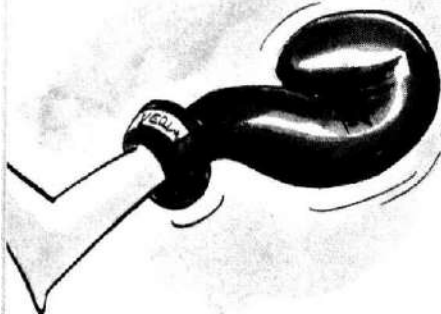
Safety belts on saddles for bad riders....



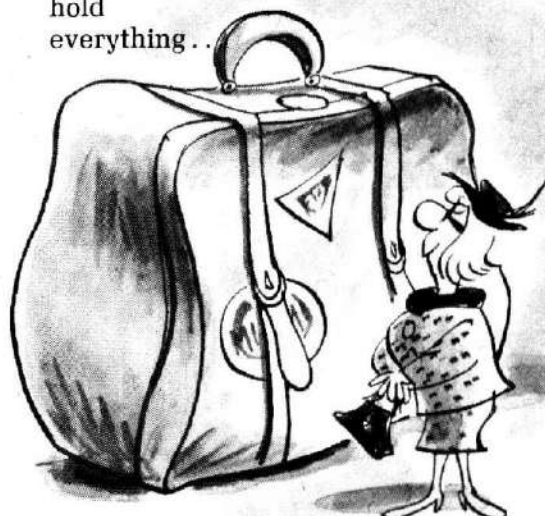
Square beads which will not roll away when the necklace breaks.



Boxing gloves with no thumbs for fighters who stick thumbs in opponents' eyes...



A suitcase large enough to hold everything...





Now you have done it! Issue 51 satirized motorcycle clubs. So all the girls in my town took it seriously.

To be "in" one must be sloppy, smelly, stupid, ugly, and pot bellied. It also helps if you drink and swear.

Guess what I have to do to be popular? I must give up my "Greek God" physique. I must end my daily perfumed bath. I must sell (or throw out) all my Brooks Brothers suits. I must get rid of my 1967 Continental and buy a "Donda."

Good grief! How can you do this to me?

Reg Crowder
Winter Haven, Florida

Ed: Before you buy a "Donda," why not try a new mouthwash.

I just read your story in the March ish and you guys who wrote "Sick Joins a Motor-Psycho Club" are being very UNFAIR TO US 1% of America's population who are out-laws.

Our meetings are held in very orderly democratic fashion. Just because some of the guys drink a little beer and use LSD and SNIFF glue and carry switchblades and guns and hand grenades is no reason to as-

sume we're out to rub somebody out. All the ol' grannys see us and they panic and BUZZ the FUZZ.

Some people say just 'cause we have long hair and beards we look stupid... Just think how those up-right citizens look to us, but we are too polite to insult them.

Tom Nissen
(Member—
"Winged Terrors Cycle Club")
Yakima, Washington

Ed: Jesse James was polite, too.

In reference to the March No. 51 issue of "Sick Spoof." On the last page of this issue there was a cut-out doll. Also on this page we noticed a ticket on which was printed: "This ticket good for 2 free drinks at the All-Star-Bar, Saigon." Now we have assumed one thing here. We assumed that the only city spelled S-A-I-G-O-N is in the country of Vietnam.

We also have the misfortune of being in this country. So therefore we went into The City of Saigon and presented this ticket in the All-Star-Bar. Would you believe, the gook ("gook" is our nickname for Vietnamese) could not figure out what I was trying to pull off. And they

would not honor this ticket.
P.F.C. Bernie M. Powers RA16857074
1st Admin. Co., 1st Int. Div. (Fin. Sec.)
A.P.O. San Francisco, Calif. 96345

Ed: Maybe he couldn't read English.

I hate to sound ungrateful and I appreciate your printing my ad in the March '51 issue, but it's not going to do me any good. You left my address at Hamilton and people will be saying Hamilton—what?

Being as Sick as an American mag, there'll be a lot going to Hamilton, Ohio and how many other Hamiltons are there?

Don Hegere
366 Kenilworth N.
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Ed: There's always good old George Hamilton.

While I was reading your December issue, I came across your article "Fwont Line Troops." I was doing a report on whether or not girls should be drafted. I gave my report, and after I showed this article to the class, they all voted for the con side (girls should not be drafted). I think you guys ought to have more controversial articles, and help out with education.

Lee Bartlett
Southgate, Michigan

Ed: Nobody here got past the 3rd grade.

Would like to purchase "Sick Annual" and "Big Sick Yearbook." My newsstand does carry them both but I am just too lazy to walk over and get them.

Bruce Draneth
Hewlett, New York

Ed: We all have problems.

Those Aussies and Mexicans are nuts. You have the best satire in the nation, and if they don't like it they know where they can go.

Steve "The Reeve" Johnson
Strasburg, Va.

Ed: Not to Strasburg, Virginia—right, Steve?

The guy who writes your Classic-fried Ads should write the rest of the magazine.

Jim Bates
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ed: Why don't you move to Australia.

MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY! (mainly us)

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT
THE NEXT WILD ISSUE--**



SICK SPOOFS THE GROUPS

With so much emphasis on Outer Space these days, we feel the need to do a SKINDIVER'S GUIDE TO THE SILENT UNDERWATER WORLD OF

INNER SPACE

by The Professor



SUMMER REPORT:

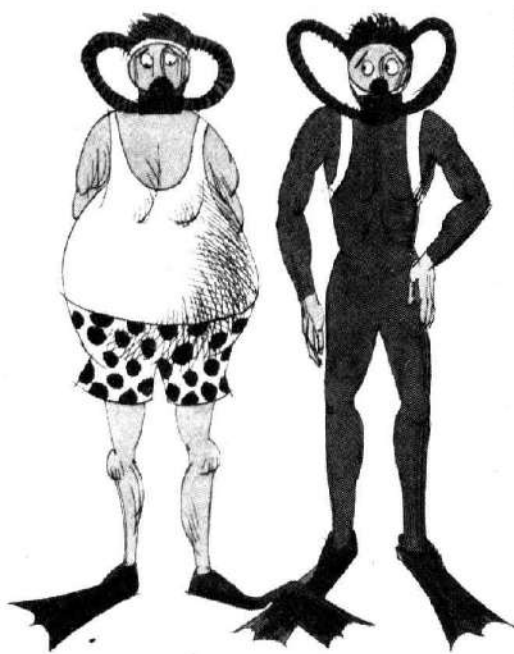
Share the excitement of the silent underwater world with your favorite diving "buddy." This is the way it works. If you are attacked by a shark, throw your "buddy" at him.

Plunge into this enchanted fantasyland, but be careful that you don't plunge into the mouth of a killer whale. That is too much of an "in" sport.

Yes, dive underwater and explore submarine stones, historical relics, the hanging gardens of Abbe Lane, game fish and Commodore Perry.

No matter what your interest, diving has something for you, unless you're a bowling nut. (Although we understand someone has developed underwater bowling. This is fine if you don't mind having an octopus for a pin boy.)

So here it is, the underwater world.....



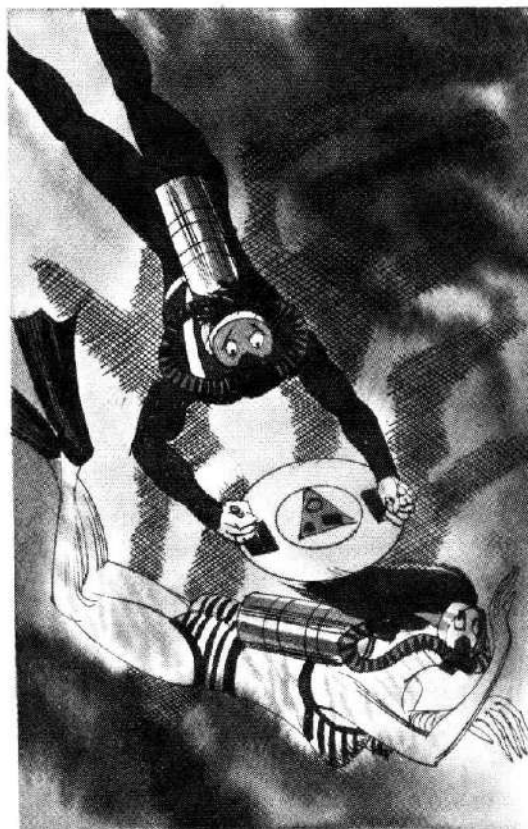
What to wear for diving. If you dress like the fellow on the left, you will be picked up for indecent exposure, or decent exposure, depending upon the shape of your physique. The fellow on the right has a "wet" suit, even though he is 24 years old and has other problems.



Of course, you need fins and tanks. Fins are needed to buy the expensive stuff you'll need, and the tank is to protect yourself against enemies 'once you find a treasure chest.



Always carry a knife underwater for protection...protection against other clowns who carry knives.



Another requisite is a metal detector. No one knows why.



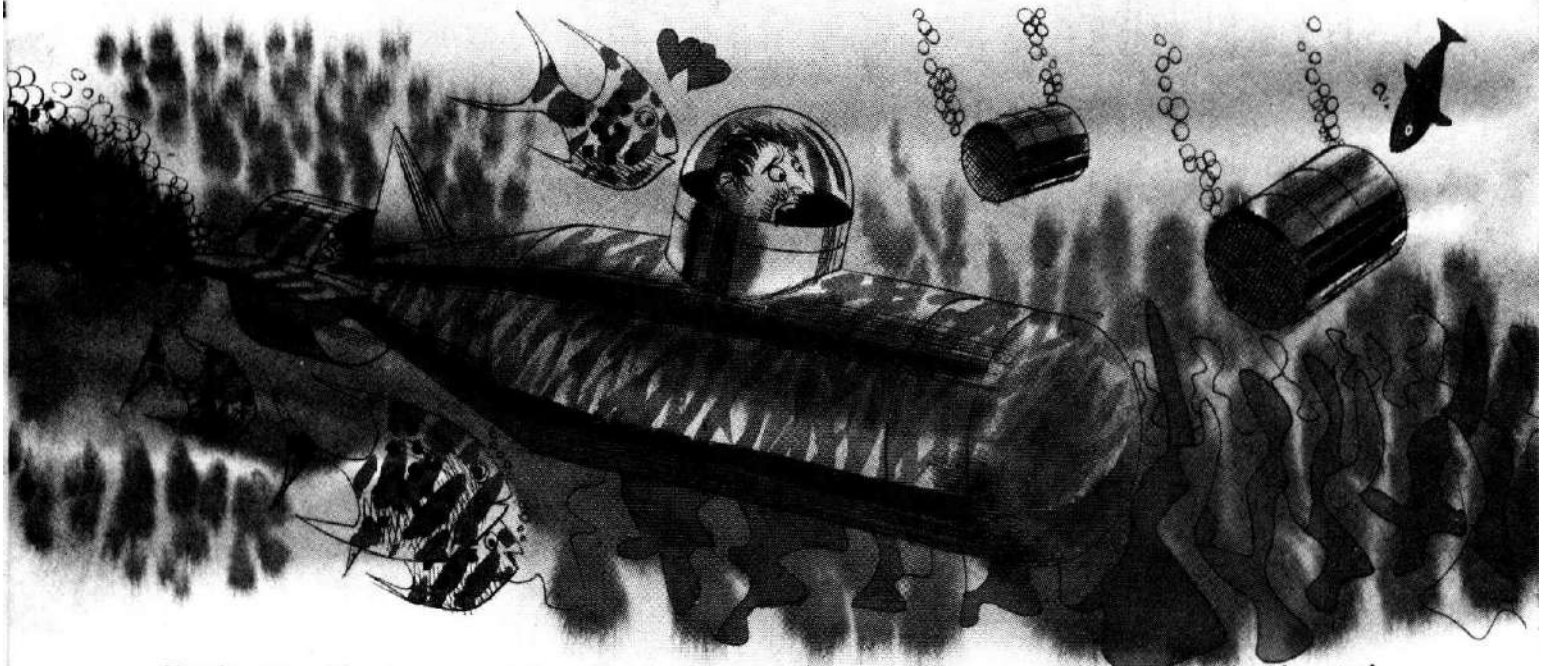
Markers are an important item. You can get a personalized marker cut in the shape of your body in case of an accident and the ensuing requirements of identification to keep it legal.



This is the latest Mark IV wet suit, wet by a professional beforehand. Jim Beforehand. It has an "ad-dict gun" and home-made water wings, made by prisoners at Atlantis, the world's only under-water prison for swimming gangsters found guilty of submersive activities.



Underwater photography can be an exciting and rewarding hobby only don't take the old man's Nikon down with you. Also, don't take his girl friend down with you. That's even worse.



For the man with a few extra dollars, here is the latest in one-man submarines. Comes equipped with a strolling violinist.



Another wonderful item is the submersible diving chamber. This is guaranteed for 4,000 feet or eight dives, whichever occurs first. This is pre-shrunk, so have no worries.



The best item to have if you enjoy diving is a rich aunt who likes you. Even better, try to get a rich aunt who can't swim and take her out in a rowboat. The rest is up to you.

DOLLARS FROM THE DEEP

The world is literally a treasure trove of animal, vegetable and mineral surprises. And though frankly, it is pretty tough for an animal to live there, to say nothing of the difficulty in growing vegetables.

Now, meet the author, Arnold Klepfish (pronounced "trout") wealthy scuba diver. Diving paid off for him. One day while swimming underwater, he was informed that he won the Irish Sweepstakes.



The average diver swims over fortunes in treasure. One swimmer began sinking and landed on a chest worth plenty. It was Jayne Mansfield's.



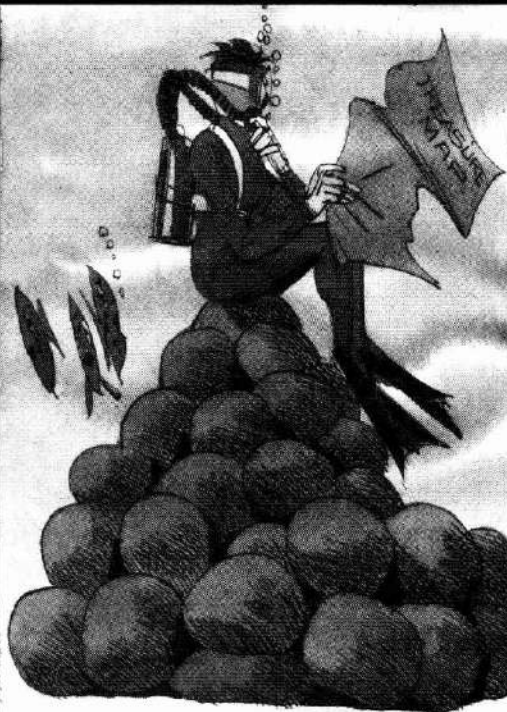
Yes, maties, the pirates of old buried vast treasures that are still unrecovered. Why not do as one famous old fighter did—take a dive.



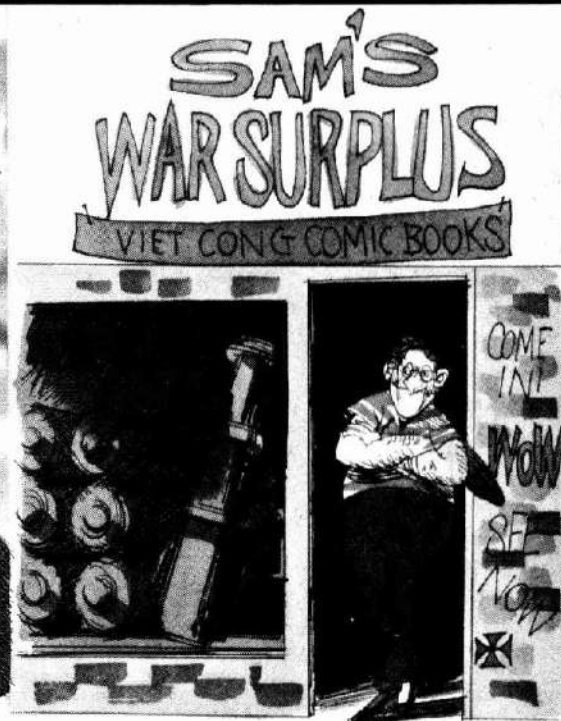
Here's a real modern-day pirate. He's the crook who sells you the stuff you need to keep from drowning. And he won't even float a loan.



To the untrained eye, (for a nominal fee, we'll send in a professional who will train your eye) a shipwreck appears to be a coral or rock formation. Actually, this is a rock formation. It only looks like a shipwreck.



Galleons carried a great number of heavy stones as ballast, and these telltale heaps can mean a fortune is at your fingertips. By the way, a galleon is composed of four quarts. To help you remember, two pints make one quartet.



If you've found an old wreck you're going to find a cannon. This is known as the Plimsoll Rule and it is not to be violated. A galleon sometimes carried as many as 50 cannon, most of which were gotten from a mail order house under an assumed name.



Finding a treasure is a real thrill—especially if it's somebody else's treasure. This is why you should always keep your knife with you.

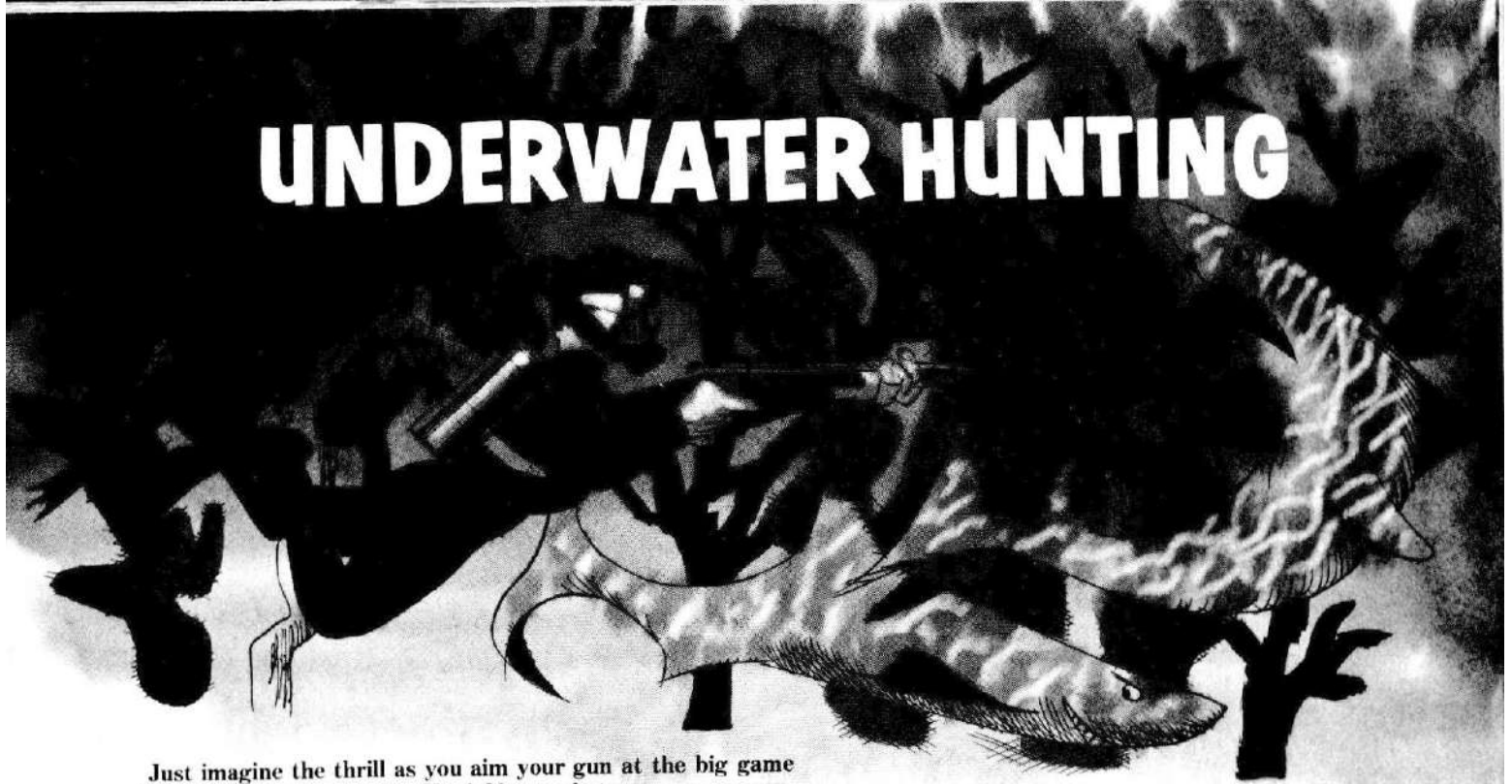


After finding a treasure you are allowed 8 minutes Free Gloating Time. Don't attempt to bring up coins with a net. It's always wise to change the coins into bills before you call for the net.



Always wait until dark to bring up your treasure. Then slip it into the night deposit vault at the Chase Manhattan bank or the Gulf of Mexico First National.

UNDERWATER HUNTING



Just imagine the thrill as you aim your gun at the big game of the underwater jungle—Hey! Not a shotgun, a speargun, you fool. The best thing about underwater jungle hunting is that the water slows down the rhino's charge.



The best underwater weapon is the Addict gun, so named because it was developed by a group called the Los Angeles Hellecats. We don't know either.

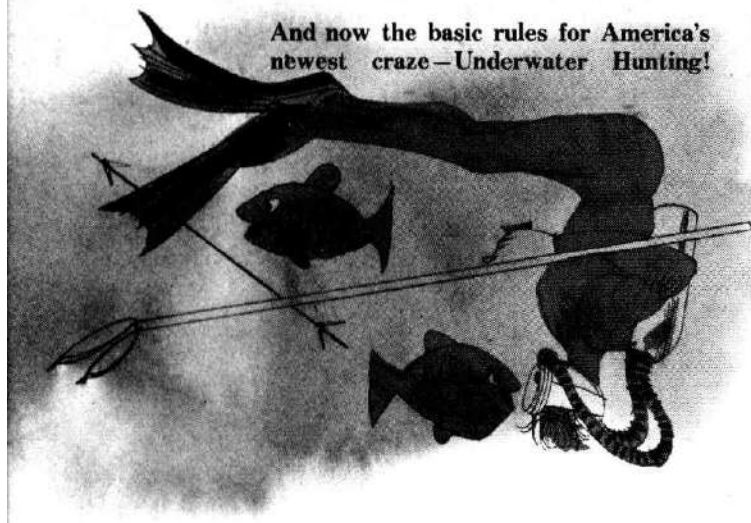


Normal fishing methods also work underwater. Lying is optional.



Beware the over-enthusiastic hunter. Feed and then avoid.

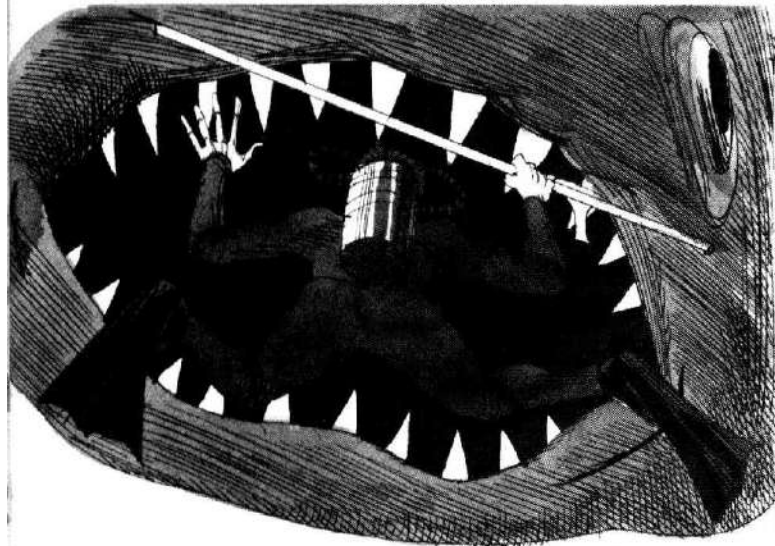
And now the basic rules for America's newest craze—Underwater Hunting!



Operate your gun only while in swimming position. If your gun can't swim, let it wade.



Taking game by hand is primitive, but neat.



Estimate your range carefully as objects appear larger underwater and closer than they actually are. An old sailor named Jonah made that rule.



When hunting large quarry, aim for the head or the base of the spine. Or tickle him to get him off-guard.



Don't go after small game. Never shoot a midget.



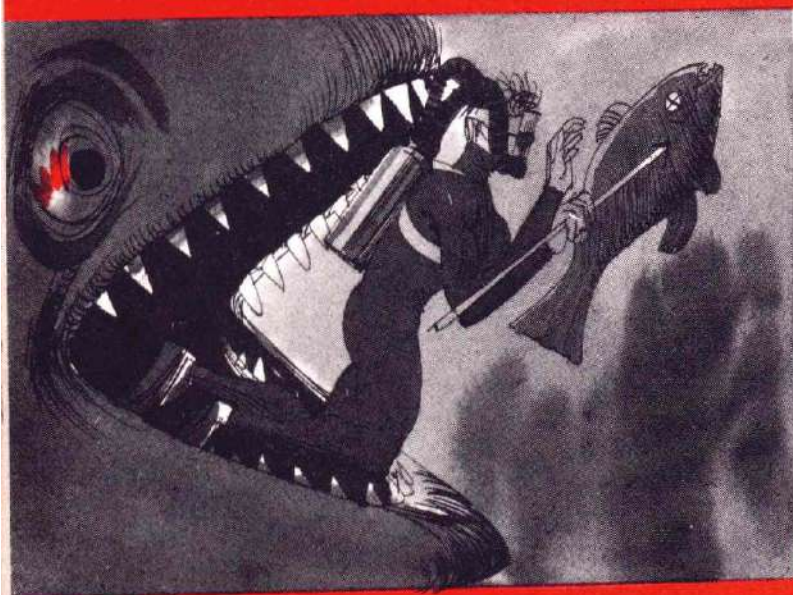
Never load a spear gun on a beach...unless you don't believe in Brotherhood Week.



When loading, never put your body in the trajectory. Here's an accidental shot that got two victims—this is called a Benfelles and it's worth 6 points.



Never hunt alone. Suicide isn't fun.



Never tow your fresh kill as illustrated. You may be devoured by a land whale.



Don't poke your hands into holes or crevasses. Or grand pianos, for that matter, although there aren't too many Steinways out in the wilds.

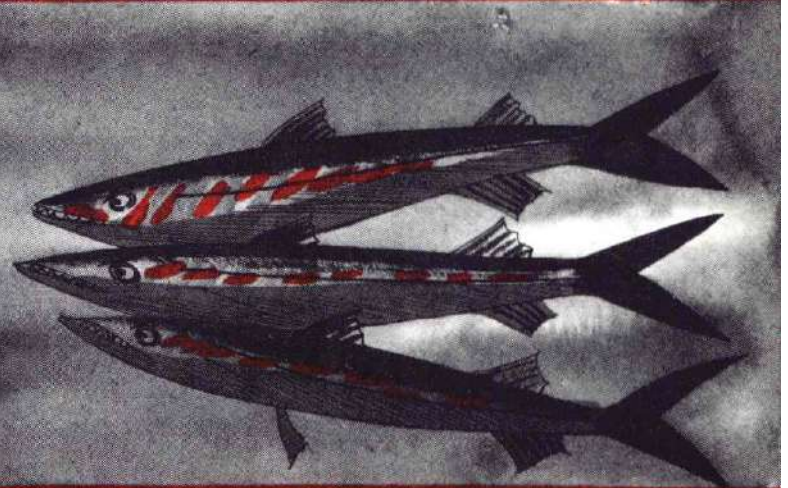


Operate with a "buddy." Preferably Johnny Weissmueller. Actually, there are 2783 rules, but our book got wet, so just follow what we've written here.

KILLERS OF THE DEEP



Sharks are the most dangerous of all the fish, especially at their lunchtime...which is anytime.



Three sharks are three times as dangerous as one shark. This is known as Harrison's Rule. Services will be held at 3 p.m. at the Natatorium Home for the Eaten.



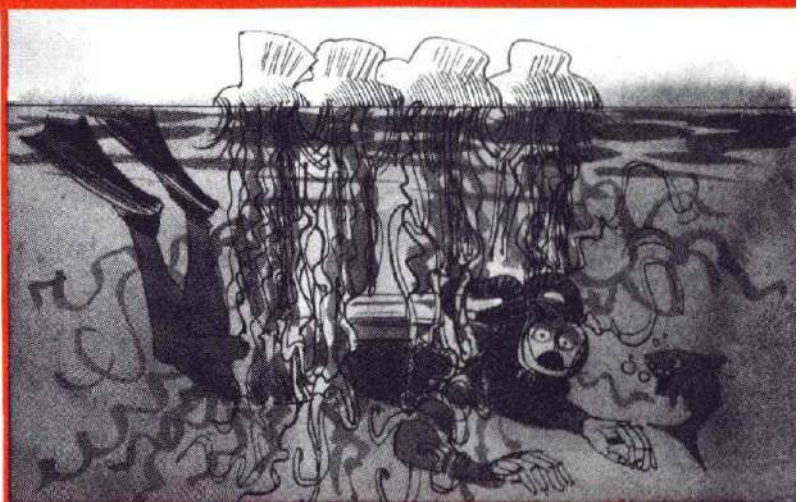
This is a giant clam. What else could it be, actually?



The killer whale has been feared by men ever since water began. This killer is wanted in seven states. It was last seen wearing Captain Ahab.



The squid is nobody's friend. Never take a squid to lunch. And don't try to put the squeeze on him for a couple of bucks.



This is a Portugese Man-o-War. His name is Silvio Pantos and he comes from Lisbon. His wife is a Woman-of-War. They keep hoping peace breaks out.



Here are two similar eels. Similar eels are found in the South Seas, and, if you're unlucky, in your bathtub. They don't make good book-ends.



This is a stingray. It retails for \$4,783, FOB Detroit.



This octopus is the recent winner of the Otto Preminger Look-alike contest. Don't mess with him, especially if you still have relatives living in Marineland.

But the greatest menace to those who find treasure is our own local equalizer—Uncle Sam. His Internal Revenue men are armed, have gouging hands and will take the biggest bite. Avoid!



SUMMER REPORT, PART 2

SWIMMING

This summer will bring more people to the beaches throughout the nation than ever before. More than 20 million people will visit beaches this summer. About 19 million will come back.

With the fantastic upsurge in beaching, manufacturers are ready to make life comfortable for the swimmer and non-swimmer alike. For instance, one company puts out plastic replicas of a 97-pound weakling so you can kick sand in his face.

Another has a rake with an eraser so you can write love letters in the sand and erase them in case the girl brushes you.

The crowds will be unbelievable. Last year at one beach concession, they rented bathing suits only if you promised to share them with a friend... while swimming.

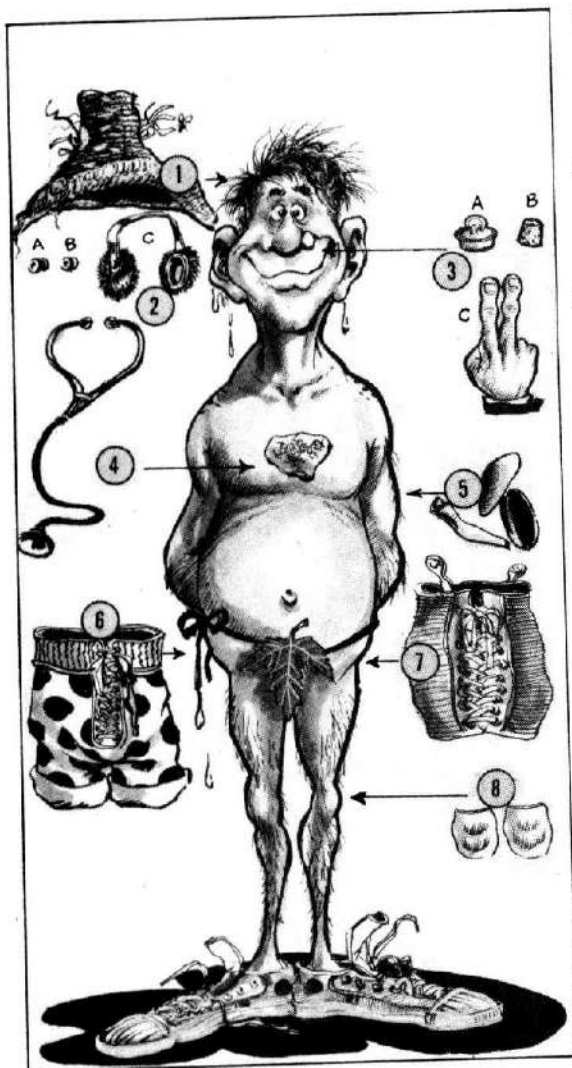
Be prepared for accidents like drowning and other inconveniences. One thoughtful fellow practised mouth-to-mouth resuscitation with his girl friend so he'd be prepared. Unfortunately he was practising on the crosstown bus. His case comes up Thursday.

Pick your beach carefully. One New York beach has a lifeguard with an unlisted deck chair. He's no help at all. His brother was available last year, but he had a bad accident. He drowned in a bird bath while washing his pelican.

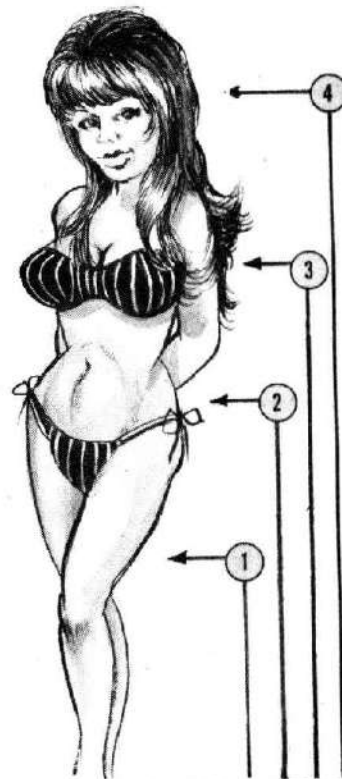
So happy swimming, happy ogling and as Johnny Weismuller once said: Sitting on a starfish isn't any fun at all.



Before you dare step out on the beach, you must be sure you have the right equipment. Below we have suggested some of the more important items necessary to become a professional beachnik.



- 1- **Hat**—A beach hat is a must for keeping the sun out of your eyes. Use a large hat that covers the face if you're ugly!
- 2- **Ear Plugs**—Some people are bothered by water in the ear. You may use either A, B, or C.
- 3- **Nose Plugs**—The same goes for your nose. Use A, B, or C. The cheapest is C; all you have to do is place one finger in each nostril.
- 4- **Paste on Hair**—This is for bald-chested swimmers who want to look like Ben Casey.
- 5- **Muscles**—If you have a punky looking body try these new paste-on muscles.
- 6- **Baggies**—Brightly colored suits are in vogue now—but, beware: If you buy a bright suit, the guys might think you're a little strange.
- 7- **Flesh Colored Girdle**—this is for our pot bellied friends.
- 8- **Niceknees**—Girls don't like knobby knees, so these might help a bit.



These numbers don't mean anything. We just had to put a girl in here.

How-to-swim department

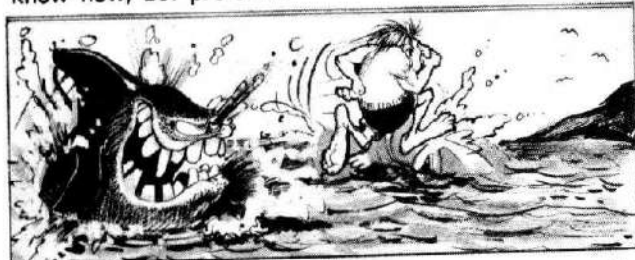
Now that you have chosen your equipment, you're ready to learn some of the more popular swimming strokes.



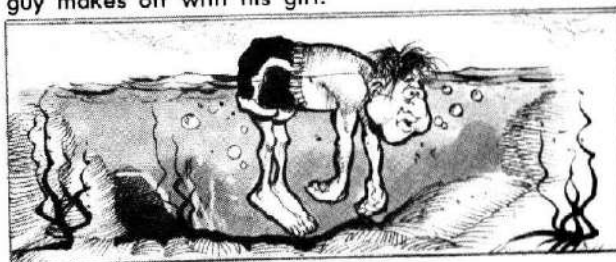
Sneaky Guy Stroke: This is for the guy who doesn't know how, but pretends.



Dumb Guy Stroke: While this nut is swimming, some guy makes off with his girl.



Panic Stroke: As the picture shows, you may learn to walk on water. If you do run into a shark, never yell "shark!" People avoid sharks. Yell "Fire!" In two minutes you'll have all the help (fellow victims) you'll need.



Dead Man's Float: If you don't learn any of the strokes on this page, you automatically learn this one. One fellow prepared by going to the beach in a tuxedo and carrying a lily. He cut out the middle man.

Dangers of the Deep:

We feel we must show you some of the problems of swimming, so below you will find what to watch out for.

Scuba Divers: If you have scaly skin—watch out!

Little Boys in Pools: If you have a pool, make sure you have a rest room.

Fat Friends or Relatives: Fat people that can't swim may use you as a boat.

Sattellites: Nowadays you might find unexpected surprises from heaven.

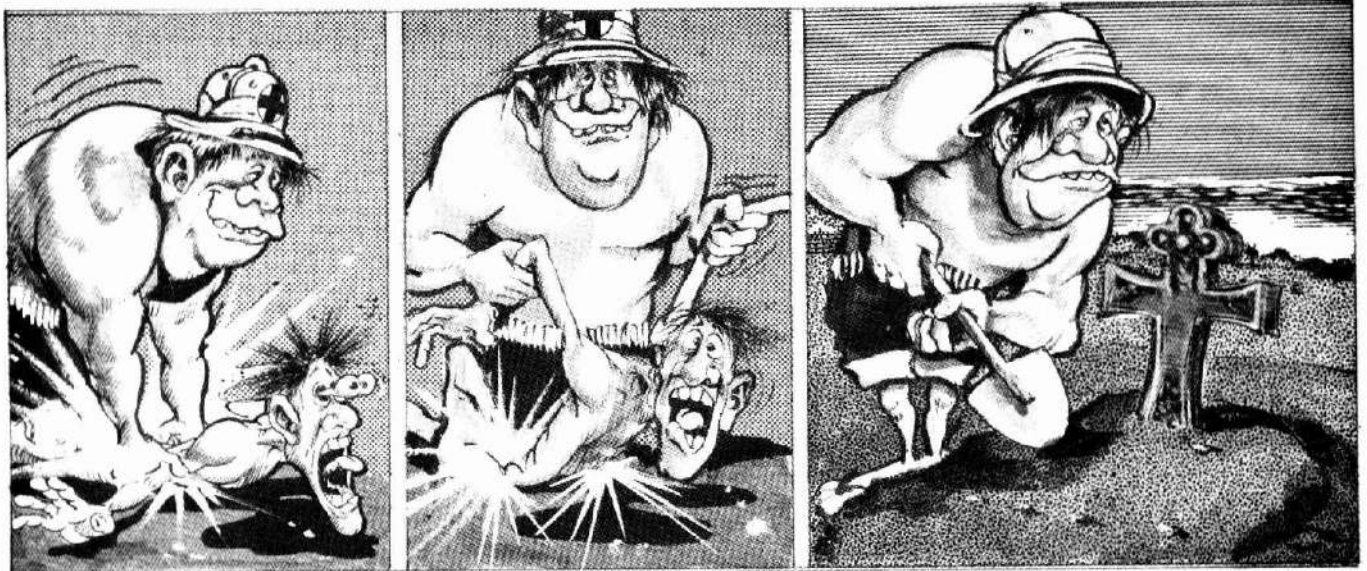


Rescue Department: As we all know, when someone is drowning he **always** comes up three times. If he does come up more than three times he's faking. Look below and count.



Artificial Respiration:

Just in case a person has fallen prey to the murky blue, you must learn to revive him. Here are two methods—



1. In this method you place your knees on each side of the victim's back; then hold the forearms in each hand.

2. Now bring the arms up towards your chest, hum a rhythm of 1-2-1-2-1-2—out with the bad, in with the good.

3. If you have done this correctly the victim will smile and thank you—if not, bury him before someone sees you.

Mouth to Mouth Resuscitation
This is the modern way of reviving a victim. Also, It is the most efficient.



You'll find, if your victim is a good looking girl, your task will be quite easy.



But—if your victim looks like this one, the picture changes.



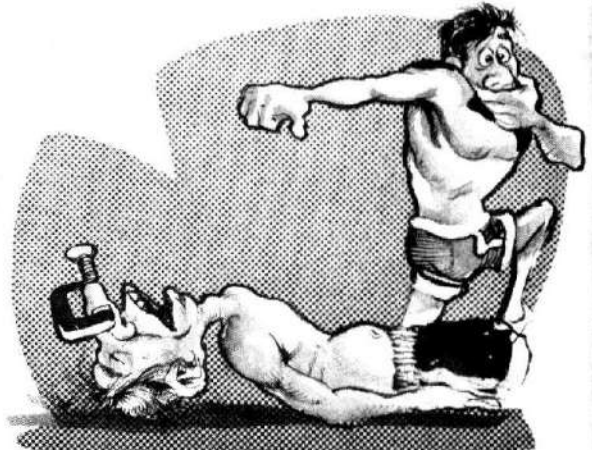
We'll say the victim is like this (it usually is). First you must clear foreign matter from the mouth—



Next, close the victim's nasal passage.

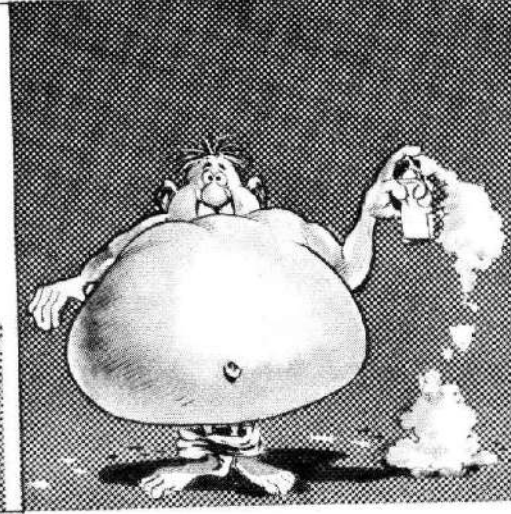


Now bend the head back to make sure the air flow is clear.



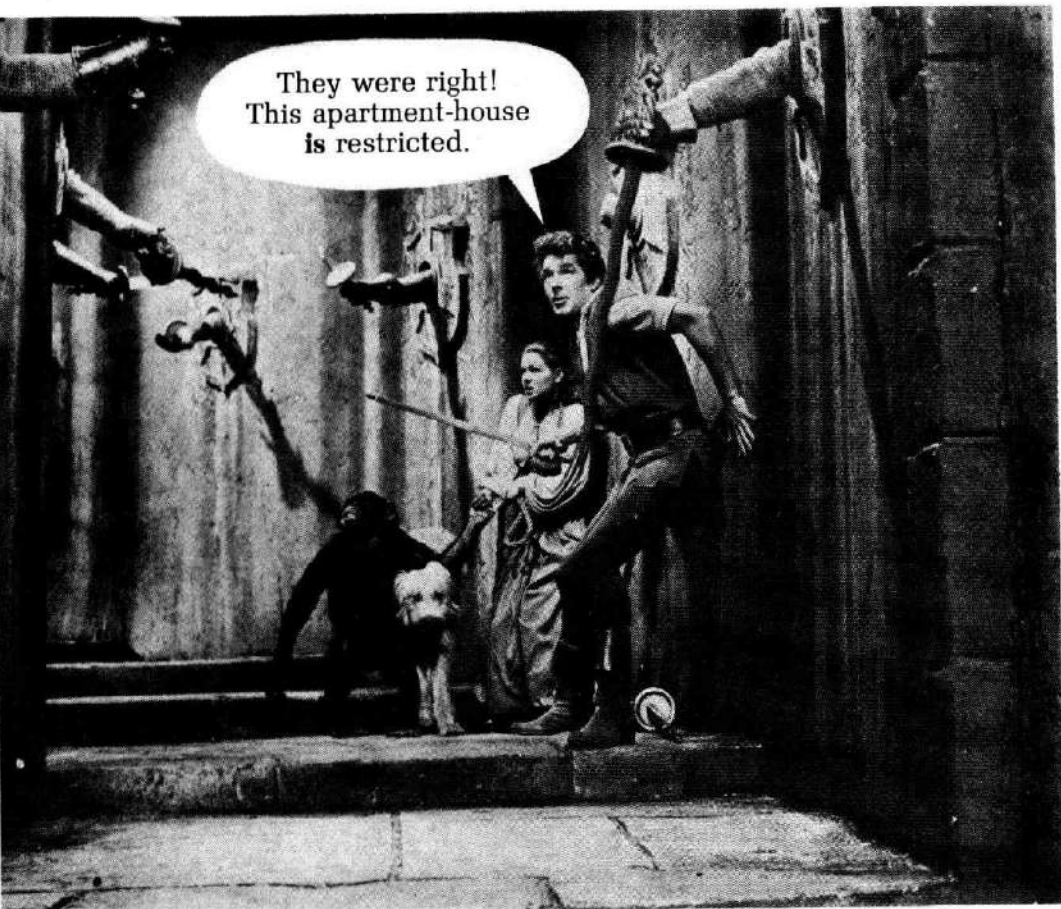
Then stop and think things over and if the victim is as blah looking as this one, leave him for someone else.

If you have found the preceding examples haven't helped you to swim, try some of our recommended life savers.






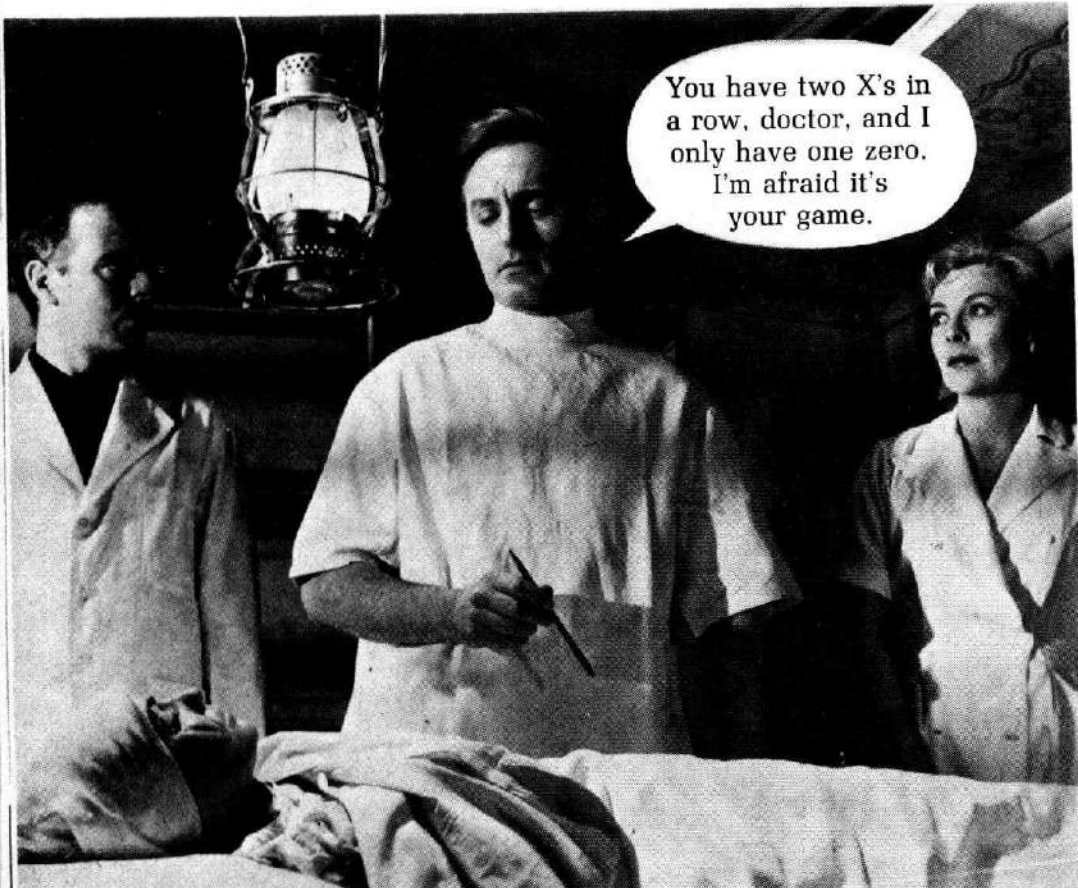
LOOK WHO'S



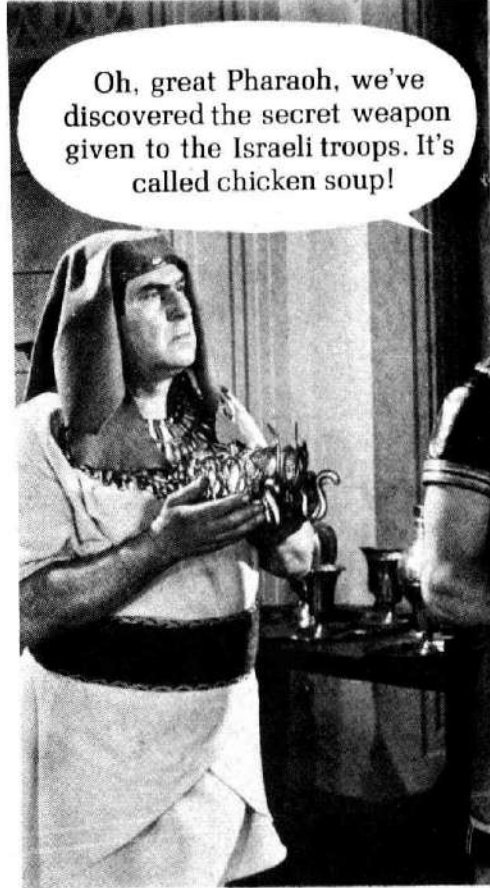
They were right!
This apartment-house
is restricted.



These "Fire-Sales"
are murder!



You have two X's in
a row, doctor, and I
only have one zero.
I'm afraid it's
your game.



Oh, great Pharaoh, we've
discovered the secret weapon
given to the Israeli troops. It's
called chicken soup!

TALKING

by Fred Wolfe



THE MAD COMPUTER



"Okay, repeat it all back — seventh New International Dictionary, page one from the top."

THE SICK CIRCUS

The circus is dying and maybe that's because it's not keeping pace with the times. There are the same old animal acts, the same high-wire routines, and the freaks are mere stereotypes of all the freaks that have gone before. Now, if the circus were modernized, per our suggestions here, it might be more popular.

MORE SUSPENSE IN THE AERIAL ACTS...

SOME REAL WIRE-WALKING.

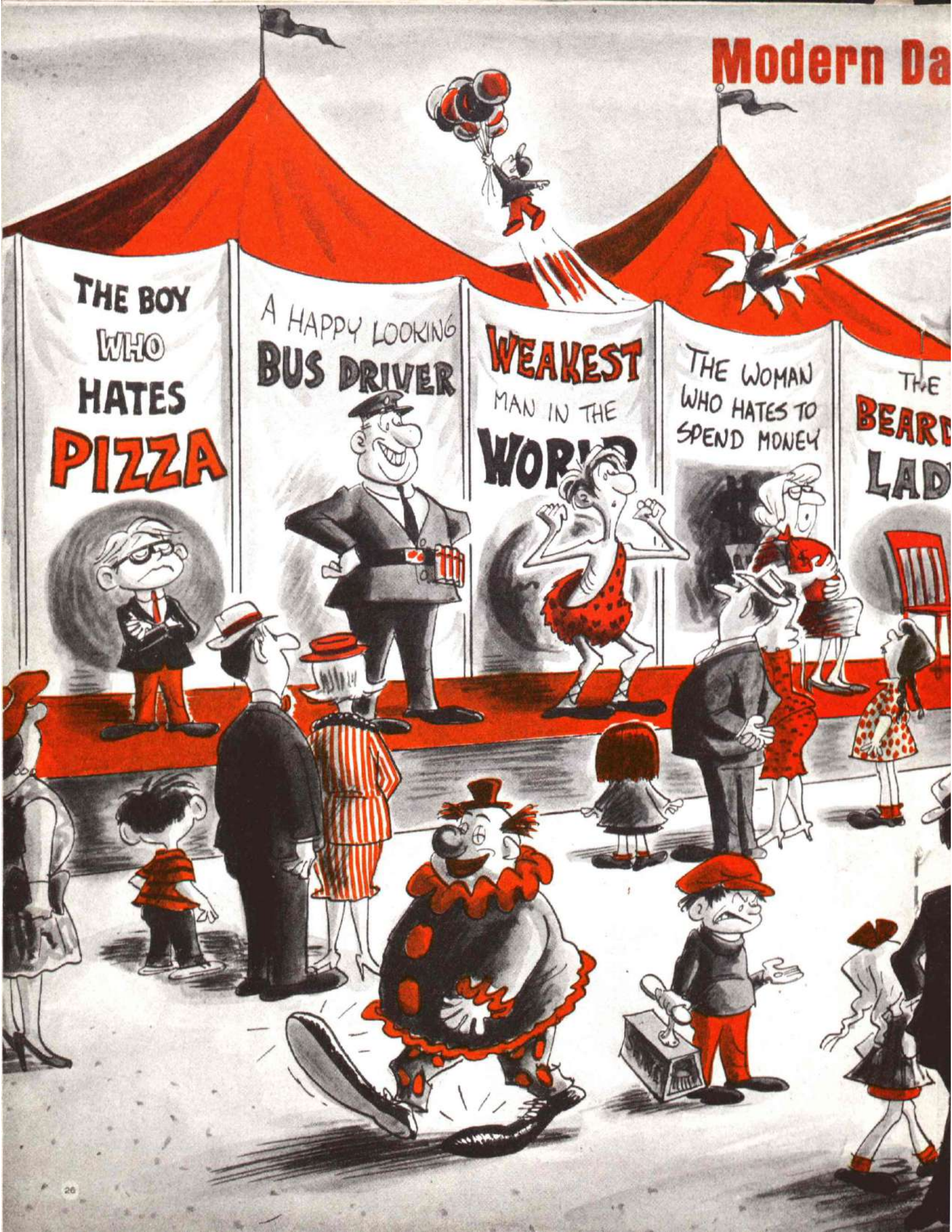
SOME REAL LION-TAMING!

SOME REAL BARE-BACK RIDING!

THE OTHER END IN THE LION'S MOUTH FOR A CHANGE!!

side-show

By B. Wiseman



Day Freaks



B. Wiseman

GOVERNMENT REPORT

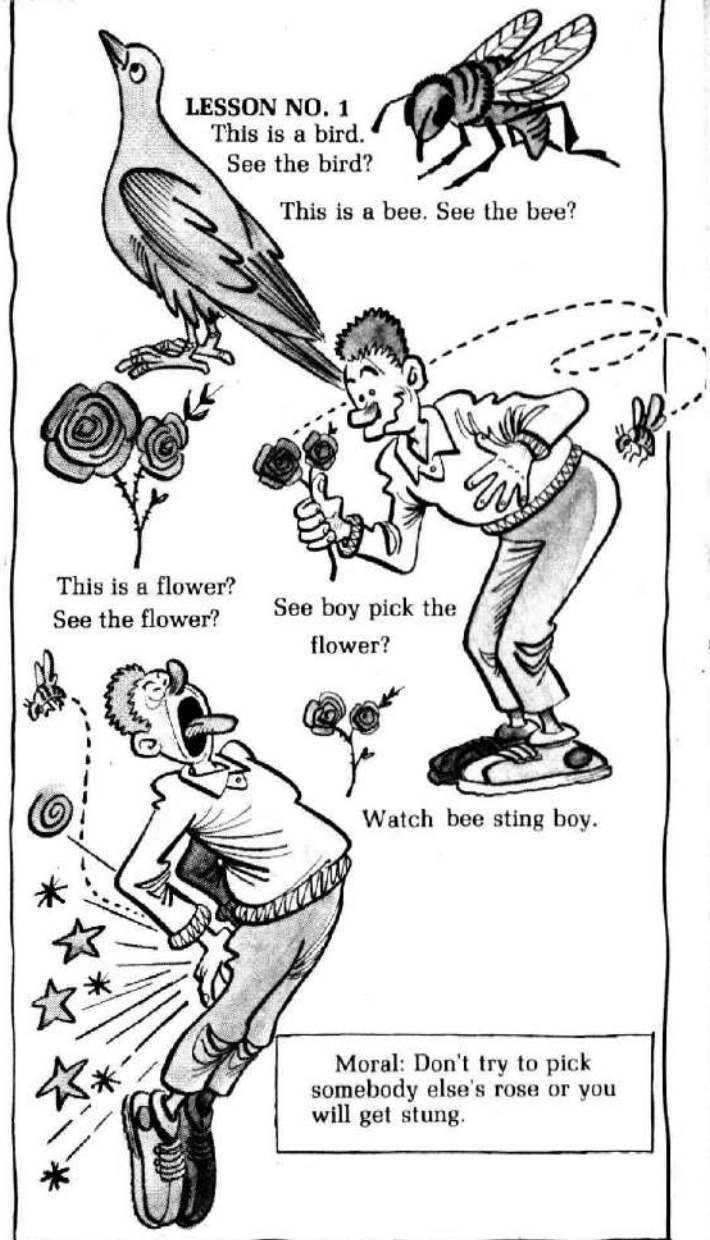
NEWS ITEM:

JOB CORPS ARTICLES ON SEX CANCELED. TOPIC 'TOO COMPLEX'

WASHINGTON—The Job Corps said it was discontinuing its series of articles on sex education because the subject was "too complex" for the written word.

Because of the cancellation, 30,000 men and women from the ages of 16 to 22 were deprived of the fundamental knowledge of the birds and bees.

However, SICK is always ready to render a patriotic service. It is the opinion of the magazine's editorial board (all sexless people) that the facts should be presented primer style for easier consumption. So here is SICK's contribution to the Job Corps.



LESSON NO. 2

This is a boy. He is looking at a girl. She is a **shapely** girl. She is a knockout. Riffle the pages and watch her walk. Look at boy's eyes. See them pop out of head! Watch as boy follows girl. Watch girl go into dormitory.

Watch boy bang head against wall. This is called frustration.



LESSON NO. 3

See boy.



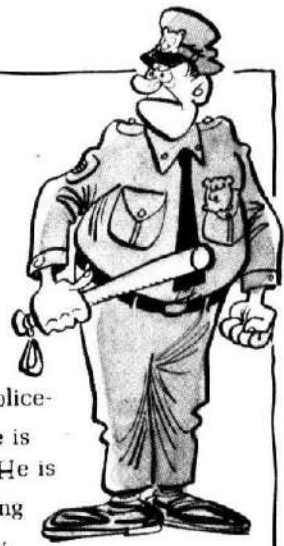
See 20-year-old girl. She's fat.



See 16-year-old girl? She's nice.



See the policeman? He is watching. He is watching closely.

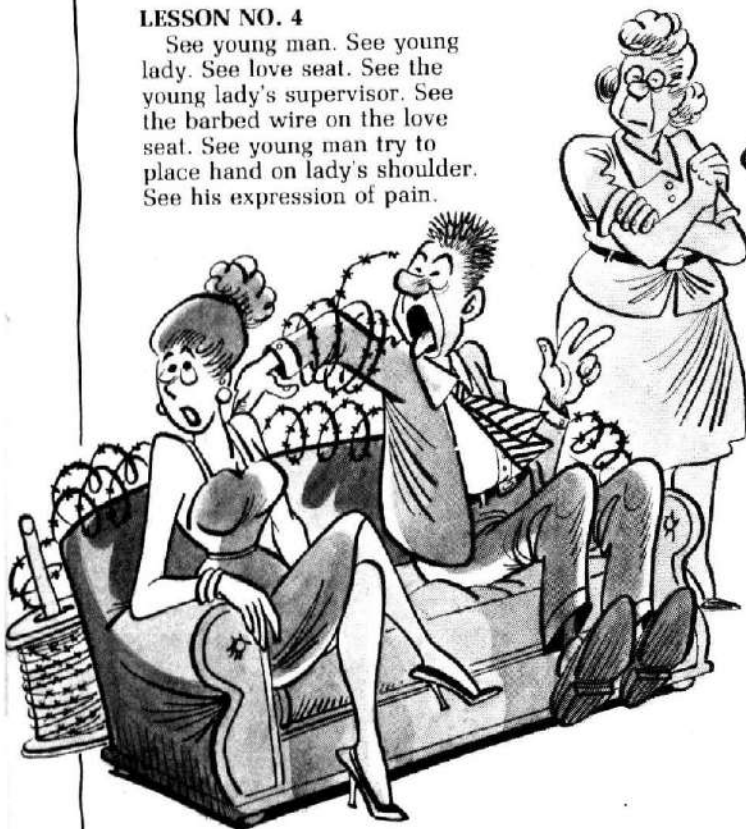


Boy sees policeman. He ignores 16-year-old girl. He is smart. He will go places. But not with 16-year-old girl. At least not when policeman is watching closely.



LESSON NO. 4

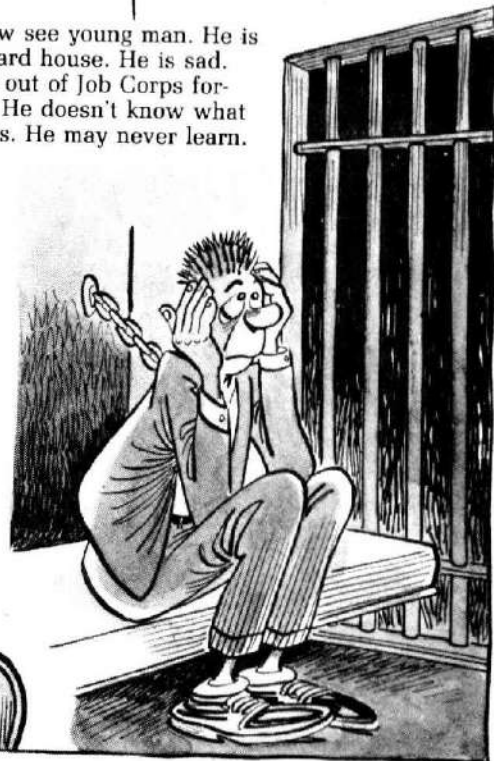
See young man. See young lady. See love seat. See the young lady's supervisor. See the barbed wire on the love seat. See young man try to place hand on lady's shoulder. See his expression of pain.



See young man bang his head against barbed wire. This is also frustration.

See young man with wire
cutter. See him cut the wire.
See him push supervisor
out door.

Now see young man. He is
in guard house. He is sad.
He is out of Job Corps for-
ever. He doesn't know what
love is. He may never learn.



LESSON NO. 5

See young man. See young
lady. See engagement ring.
See him place ring on her
finger. See policeman smile.
See supervisor smile. See
justice-of-peace smile.

See young man bang his head
against justice-of-peace.
More frustration. Young man
knows what love is. He will
be married and start own Job
Corps program. This is good.
He will keep America strong.



See young man bang his
head against nursery wall
as he looks at baby. Now
he really knows what love
is all about.



SMILING STANLEY

THE ICE CREAM MAN

Summertime is upon us again and with it the attendant plagues—sunburn, mosquitoes and ice cream salesmen driving trucks and ringing bells.

Naturally, all their sales pitches and products are aimed at kids, as is most business. But if some enterprising entrepreneur would come around to adults after dark selling bourbon-on-a-stick, he'd make a million.

Smart businessmen go where the money is and today the youngsters have it all—but

not for long if the ice cream man has his way. Most of these men in white are honest, Howard-Johnson-fearing men, but there are shady operators who bend the law. One ice cream outfit is so fishy you can't eat their products during any month with an "R" in it.

Such a man is Smiling Stanley, shown here delivering his annual pep talk to the ice cream vendors before they embark on their new routes...

Script by Bill Majeski

Welcome back, men, for another season of fun and money selling Smiling Stanley's ice cream.

So much for preliminaries, let's talk money.

Item Number One—new products. I've developed what I like to call the Stock Market Cone. You sell it to a child and the bottom drops out, leaving that little beggar standing there with his tongue hanging down to his chest. So he has to buy another cone and we give him a straight job this time. Understand the psychology here, men—repeat business. Double profit.

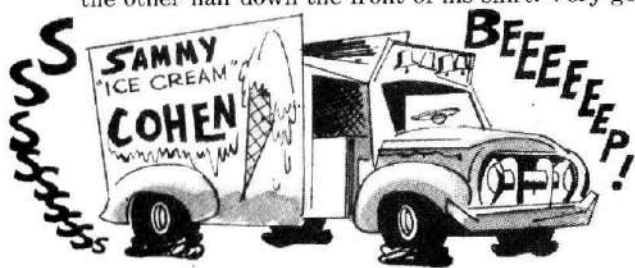


Our designers have another new one off the drawing boards — it's an ice cream stick in the shape of Sigmund Freud. Go great with the disturbed-kid market. Since we want to start big with these mixed-up kooks we're introducing this in the Mecca of Juvenile Neurotics — Brooklyn.

Those two items give us a total of 174 different products — a total that makes Howard Johnson look sick. What's that, Benson? — If he ate our ice cream he *would* be sick...don't encourage him with your laughter, men. He won't be so funny when I transfer him to our Greenland franchise.

Now life with Smiling Stanley isn't all peaches and ice cream — that's my own little joke — you'll have problems. Let me just test you out on this for solution. Hennessy, a boy orders a double deluxe banana stomach turner and then says he has no money. What do you do? —

Hmmm...you eat half right in front of him and drop the other half down the front of his shirt. Very good.



What's that, Jennings? You want to know our sizes this year. Yes, well we have large and jumbo only. We've done away with the small. Hmmm? — — — You measured this year's large and it's smaller than last year's small? — — Yes, well...I think we're going to have a busy season up in Greenland this year.

Oh yes, men. I want to warn you that this year you will have competition for Young America's nickels and dimes. An unscrupulous operator on the West Side named Sammy "Ice Cream" Cohen is trying to ruin us. This man is a disgrace to American free enterprise. He employs the most underhanded tactics. For instance, his ice cream is better than ours. He has more trucks and charges lower prices. Now what are we going to do about this corrupt merchant?

Any suggestions? — — No, that's a bit too blatant. Some bystander may get hit by flying shrapnel and we don't want to lose any prospective customers now, do we?

Open warfare is always bad for business... However, there *are* guerilla tactics which prove highly effective. Letting air out of tires, repainting the signs on his trucks, sticking pins in horns so they keep honking... just rudimentary vandalism. I've had booklets printed which will be handed out to you after the session.

Oh yes, making change. There's plenty of loose cash waiting to be picked up if you have nimble fingers. Youngelman, let me throw you this one. A boy gives you a dollar bill and buys a 25-cent cone. It's twilight, the shadows are heavy and there's a milling crowd around. How much change do you give him?

SEVENTY FIVE CENTS? Youngelman, he's a six-year-old boy! Sixty cents? You're getting warm. Give him back a half-a-buck and if he causes trouble threaten to run over his toes with your wheels. You're entitled to a decent profit margin, Youngelman. Did that kid get up at 7 a.m. and load up a truck? Does *he* drive through heavy traffic all day long? You're not only selling ice cream, Youngelman, you're spreading happiness and enjoyment. You're entitled to steal a little.



Another problem—dogs. They can be troublesome. Don't fight them. Hobart over there made the mistake last year of slapping a dog. Hold up your right hand, Hobart. Spread all your fingers. See that? V for victory. Okay, Hobart, put your hand down, it upsets me.



What's that, Hannegin? No, you can't ride tandem with Bolton this year. We've decided to let you cover the East Side. No...not the East Side of the driver's seat, the East Side of town. Whew, you get all types in this business.

Now in an all-out effort to wring every possible cent out of our youngsters, I've come up with what I think will be an industry blockbuster—the Magic Melter Ice Cream Stick. You hand him a Magic Melter and by the time he gets it to his mouth it's completely melted away!

Now the most important single item in our sales approach—the bells. The best bell-ringers are the best salesman. That's an industry truism. I know you haven't had the benefit of spring training this year because of the rainy weather, but let's give it a whirl. Harrison, you go first.

Ring-a-ting-a-ling... a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ting-a-ling-a-ring-a-ting-a-ling. Not bad, Harrison. You had a few too many "rings" and not enough "lings" for the real hard sell, but it's not bad.

Someone else try it. How about our new Chinese salesman? What is your name?—Your name is Ling-a-ting-a-ling? All right, play your bells.

Oh, a word of caution. Never...never climb entirely into the freezer compartment. Remember Carstairs? He climbed in and some wise guy locked the compartment. He was inside there for two days. When he came out he was pistachio from the waist up and from the waist down—tutti-frutti.

That's about it. To sum up, short-change 'em...keep away from dogs...keep the bells a ring-a-ting-a-ling and one more thing I wanted to tell you, but it slipped my mind...what was that?

Hennessy, help me out. What is that final thing to remind them? Hennessy? Hennessy? Where is he...he did what? Now he should have known better, but that's the final point I was trying to remember.

Once you've entered this ice cream field, never...never, NEVER—sit on a hot radiator.



Get his clothes off that radiator and burn them. It's a negative image...



SICK REVIEWS the LATE, LATE MOVIES

ROMANOFF AND JULIET



As the name implies, this film was taken from an old Shakespeare play — *As You Like It*.

They tried to get a new Shakespeare play, but the author was out of town.

Peter Ustinov, playwright, director, actor, comedian and long-distance quoits player, starred in this film which was an adaptation of the play which ran on Broadway... well, say it *trotted* on Broadway.

Briefly, the action involves a love affair between a girl and a boy (so far, so good) whose families don't see eye-to-eye. However, the boy and girl see eye-to-eye and don't stop there. This is another reason why the families are fighting. In the end, of course, the young couple marry and that's when the real fighting begins.

The star-crossed lovers (a romantic term meaning "I like the way you walk and talk, baby") in this epic are Sandra Dee, who has since gone on to become Mrs. Bobby Darin in real life and then left the cast, and John Gavin, good actor.

Once more SICK strolls leisurely down the aisles strewn with cinematic surplus, to pick and scavenge the films that were made too early to be seen by our "Very Youthful Viewers."

A recent readership survey shows that 48 per cent of SICK's readers might be classified as Very Youthful Viewers, including 12 people over 37. Exactly 19 per cent were classified as two-time losers while the rest are under constant surveillance by their local police forces.

A quartet of quickie capsule reviews will do much to aid the VYV in getting a clearer picture of the movies that have gone before. Featured on this issue's bill are *THE MOON IS BLUE*, *ROMANOFF AND JULIET*, *CAN-CAN*, and *PEYTON PLACE*.

THE MOON IS BLUE

by Bill Majeski

Maggie McNamara, the one on the left being pawed by that friendly type, William Holden, a guy we thought was always so nice and sweet, made her film debut in this picture. Not too much has been seen of her since.

In this picture she assumed the role of a policeman's daughter whose prize possession was her personal honor, a trophy pursued diligently by Bill Holden (see pic to show his ever-eager style), and by David Niven. (Picture displaying his style was thrown out by a board of censors composed of Georgie Jessel, Jack the Ripper and Clarence the Talking Bird.)

The picture, raised many eyebrows when it came out, including those of Maggie McNamara, who thought it would never be released because of its risqué dialog. Sample:

Holden: *Why are you so pre-occupied with sex?*

McNamara: *It's better than being occupied with it.*

The picture ends shortly after that violent exchange.

Otto Preminger produced and directed this film. He has since gone on to bigger things like appearing as a panelist on the David Susskind Show.


When it first came out, the picture was denied a movie production code seal. Instead it received a walrus. Even today, people who saw the film throw fish at Bill Holden.

Aren't you Holden?

I'm holding, clutching and grasping.

They can go as far as they want to. I've got the meter running.





Hasn't Mabel gotten dressed yet? We can't keep dancing all night!

CAN-CAN


This is the film that caused so much furor because of former Soviet Premier Khrushchev. He was invited out to Hollywood while the picture was being filmed and he described the action as lewd, despicable, vile, degenerate and not nice. And that was while walking down Sunset Boulevard.

He watched as star Shirley MacLaine danced the can-can and had the same thing to say about the activities there. The Russian people showed how they felt about it by getting rid of Khrushchev as premier, but not before he put on his own performance. Who will ever forget the time he banged a shoe down on the desk of the United Nations. Unfortunately, Shirley MacLaine was wearing it at the time.

"I knew the dance numbers would make good toe-tappers, but that was ridiculous," Shirley commented, later.

Also seen in the film was Frank Sinatra, who played the part of a happy-go-lucky playboy. He thought the police were wrong trying to ban the can-can because it was "immoral." He not only thought it was moral, he thought it should be mandatory for all girls 16 and over.

As an additional educational side-light for those of you who've never seen the can-can done, it's a little like a woman preparing to be fitted for boots that come all the way up.



"Have you seen my pal, Toulouse? He was about this tall."



PEYTON PLACE

This history-making film tried to answer the age-old question—why is it all the action is in a small New Hampshire town instead of where you're at?

A tale about the typical activities in the lives of average New Hampshire folks, *Peyton Place* is a compendium of carnality, a symphony of sin with a willing chorus of 40 leading the way.

Everything under the sun (and moon) takes place on *Peyton Place*.

The exteriors were shot in Greenwich Village for added atmosphere.

Basically, it concerns the mixed-up tribulations of a mixed-up family. We have a would-be author, young schoolteacher, a would-be schoolteacher, mother-to-be, father-to-be, would-be father, mixed-up, would-be schoolteacher who is also a father, mixed-up author-to-be who is also a would-be schoolteacher. It took four professors three weeks just to remove the hyphens from the cast. The heroine of the cast is a youthful, spirited girl named Alison Mac-

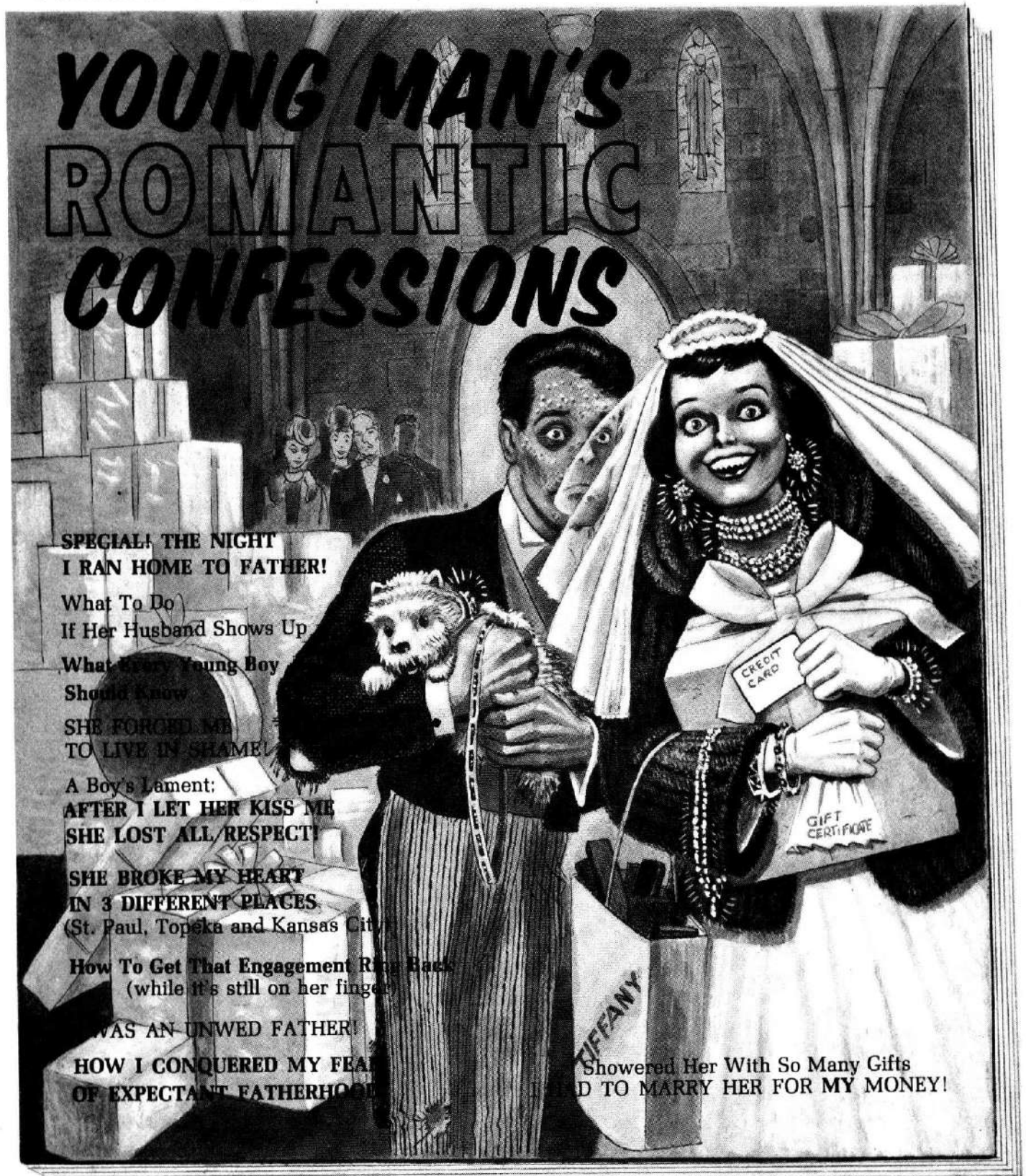
Kenzie who is tried and found wanton.

The picture is a 20th Century release, and contains most of the misdeeds committed during the 1900's thus far.

The picture which played before millions, proved so popular with Americans who were eager to see how their neighbors really lived, that it has been made into television series. The collection of follies and foibles of just plain folks appear regularly on the tube. It is called the Ed Sullivan Show.

PUBLICATIONS

Take a look at Romance Confession magazines today. Every one of them is for women. They all give the girls a chance to sound off on their problems. But how about men? Men have a lot of problems too. How come some smart publisher doesn't try to put out a confession magazine for the male sex? It would really have a lot of big problems, especially if it looked something like our version of...



**SPECIAL! THE NIGHT
I RAN HOME TO FATHER!**

**What To Do
If Her Husband Shows Up
What Every Young Boy
Should Know**

**SHE FORCED ME
TO LIVE IN SHAME!**

**A Boy's Lament:
AFTER I LET HER KISS ME
SHE LOST ALL RESPECT!**

**SHE BROKE MY HEART
IN 3 DIFFERENT PLACES
(St. Paul, Topeka and Kansas City)**

**How To Get That Engagement Ring Back
(while it's still on her finger)**

WAS AN UNWED FATHER!

**HOW I CONQUERED MY FEARS
OF EXPECTANT FATHERHOOD**

**Showered Her With So Many Gifts
HAD TO MARRY HER FOR MY MONEY!**

YOUNG MAN'S ROMANTIC CONFESSIONS

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I
dreamed
I
walked down
Madison Avenue
in
my

JOCKEY SHORTS*

Virile*...newest Maninform
creation...caresses the skin. Now you can walk, stoop
or squat without side-splitting effects. Brings out all that
is you. At leading habedasherers everywhere. Only \$3.95.

Maninform, Inc., makers of jockey shorts, longjohns, trusses, wedgies.





I KNEW I SHOULDA' LISTENED WHEN... *MOTHER WARNED ME ABOUT GIRLS LIKE RHODA!*

PRIZE-WINNING SOB STORY

Mother was right. I should have listened to her when she told me what I was headed for. I should have never started up with Rhoda. But I was young and impressionable and Rhoda was so worldly and sophisticated, that I couldn't resist. What she ever saw in me I'll never know. Yet I worshipped her. To me she was the kind of a girl you read about but never expect to meet in real life. Still, mother insisted that it would come to no good. I know now I should have listened to her.

It all happened the night that Rhoda took me up to her apartment. She said other people would be there, but nobody showed up. Then she excused herself and said that she wanted to slip into something more comfortable. Before I knew it she was back, in a flimsy negligee and holding two dry martinis. In a matter of seconds she had the phonograph on and the lights out. I finally found myself sitting right next to her on the couch.

Yes, I should have listened to my mother. Especially since my mother was sitting right there talking to me at the time.

OUR MARRIAGE WAS HEAVENLY BLISS UNTIL THE DAY I REFUSED TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE

Prize-Winning Fiction Story
by
Prize Winning
(as told to his psychiatrist)

There was always garbage at our house. Even on our wedding day, as I was carrying her over the threshold to our brand-new apartment, she turned to me and cooed, "Not now, darling, first take out the garbage!"

I shoulda realized then that wherever my wife was, there was garbage. And I shoulda known that I would always get stuck with the job. Like the time we came home after a two-month vacation. No sooner did I get inside the door when she handed me two leaky bags to take downstairs. She had kept them in the freezer! Now I don't mind taking out the garbage, but this was ridiculous! And so, one night, I sat down and boldly refused to move out any more trash. I said, "Darling, I will **not** take out the garbage!" I remember those words well, because they were the last words I uttered before being taken to the hospital!



Married men are sharing this secret...

...the new, easier, *surer* protection
for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful *Marriage Protection* that *Fornorms* can give you. Fornorms is the only product now on the market especially designed to remove lipstick from your collar before you get home to your wife!

This marriage protection formula releases antiseptic ingredients on your clothing, skin, or any other part of you that has lipstick—and it comes right off—without leaving a trace! And it won't even harm the delicate tissues of your garment. What's more, *Fornorms* gives you added *deodorant protection*. It eliminates the embarrassing odors of most lipsticks, letting you keep your own virile smell.

And what convenience! Just spray and poof! You can neck with your girl friend all day and your wife will never suspect a thing when you get home! So avoid that fight over a measly lipstick smudge.

Get *Fornorms* today. It is guaranteed to save your marriage!



Lipstick Smudge Remover

Tested by doctors...
trusted by husbands...
proved in divorce cases

A Foolproof Product

Fornorms Pharmaceutical Co.
Dept. QT-86, Bronx, N.Y.

- ☐ Please send me FREE booklet which tells me how to save my marriage.
- ☐ Please send me \$1.98 booklet which tells me how to destroy my marriage.

Name.....
Address.....
Next Of Kin.....

Do Blond Men Really Have More Fun?

IT ONLY SEEMS THAT WAY
ACCORDING TO RECENT SURVEY

The old-husband's tale that blond men have more fun than brunets has no basis in fact. This conclusion was reached after an independent survey was made recently by our Research Department. What happened was, a group of 14 interviewers were sent out all over the country, talking to different types of men. Their findings showed that, on the whole, brunets have 2.8 percent more fun than their fair-haired counterparts.

GLARING MISCONCEPTION NOW BARED

Out of 1729 blond men interviewed, 978 said they were having fun in their lives; 723 reported that they were getting a few kicks every now and then; 19 admitted that they were merely holding their own; 8 confessed that they were bugged by it all; and one man told us to come back next July.

On the other hand, of the same number of brunet men questioned, all but 2 said they weren't happy. And these 2 happened to be in the shower when we called!



GROUP OF BLOND MEN SHOWING
THAT NOT ONE WAS HAVING ANY FUN



GROUP OF BRUNETS IN SAME SITUATION
SHOWING EACH ONE IN HIGH SPIRITS



Does He Or Doesn't He?

Hand limps so natural
only other hairdressers know for sure!

Most people think that all hairdressers do—but only **other** hairdressers know for sure! If you want to know for sure whether the fellow above does or doesn't—or who is and who ain't—then buy this book which gives you all the lowdown on the trade.



Miss Queerol

HAIR STYLISTS' GUIDE BOOK

More people prefer this book
than all other banned books combined.

ITCH IN MEN Relieved Like Magic

Here's blessed relief from the tortures of itching in the male regions brought about by the harshness of woolen flannels, long-Johns, etc. This fast-acting stainless medicated creme eats away your underwear where the greatest discomfort exists. Stop scratching. Don't Suffer. Get ACIDINE. At Druggists Everywhere.



only
39¢

ACIDINE
Stops itching
from underwear

BE A DOCTOR Learn At Home



Doctors are respected in every community. Girls go for them. You can learn to be a doctor **at home** in your spare time. Course endowed by leading medical specialists everywhere. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women 12-90. Trial Plan. Write:

QUACK SCHOOL FOR MEDICS
Makesme, Ill.

For That Virile Look PUT HAIR PERMANENTLY ON LEGS—Without surgery



SHAZAM
Hair Restorer
19¢
Plus Tax

—At leading drug stores everywhere—



A HUSBAND'S FRANK CONFESSION...

I Talked Back To My Wife!

By The Late Irving Ferd

Can my wife talk? I had her at the beach last summer and when we got back her tongue was sunburned! What can I tell you. I've seen nagging women before, but she abused the privilege. Only once during our entire marriage did I ever get a word in edgewise. And that word was "Help!"

You wouldn't believe this woman. She took a four-year course in Aggravation at a local school—made it in **two years!** Whenever she opened

her mouth, sparks flew. Last week she caused AT&T to go up twelve points. She paid her phone bill!

So you can imagine how I felt the day I finally got up enough nerve to talk back to my wife! She had been nagging me for hours and I just couldn't control myself any longer. So, rising up to my full five feet two inches, I blurted out, "Shut up!" She looked at me in horror. She couldn't believe it. Even when they carried me out of the apartment on a stretcher she found it still hard to believe.

What is your masculine I.Q.? How much do you know about the workings of the female mind? Take this test and find out.

MAN'S ROMANTIC QUIZ

9 OUT OF 10 AMERICAN WIVES NAG THEIR HUSBANDS?



False. According to a nationwide study, this is definitely not the case. What the study showed was that 10 out of every 10 American wives nag their husbands!

SHY, MEEK MEN ALWAYS WIND UP MARRIED TO BIG, NAGGING WOMEN?



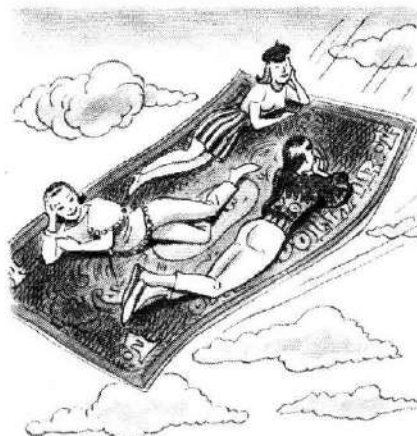
False. Conservative estimates show that only 40% of the shy, meek men marry this type of woman. The other 60% never marry at all!

NO MAN'S LIFE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A WIFE?



True. A recent survey showed that 95% of American males felt that after they married, their lives were complete. Finished. Over. Kaput. And the other 5% weren't living with their wives!

YOUNG GIRLS ONLY HAVE MARRIAGE ON THEIR MINDS?



Poppycock! Interviews with different types of girls revealed that they think of other things besides. For example; trousseaus, bridal gowns, honeymoons, etc.

Are You Embarrassed By FLAT, SAGGING MUSCLES?

The dangerous use of internal medications will not increase muscle size—but the secret exercises of our world-famous modeling school **WILL!** You don't risk your health—you do what nature forgot!

Don't be embarrassed by flat, sagging muscles any longer. Gain your manly right to beauty. Start on the road to blossoming muscle beauty.



MUSCLE BOUND INC.

Mishu, Ga.

Amazing New Creme Color Dye RE-COLORS COMPLEXION in 2 seconds



Change your anemic-type complexion into a glowing he-man red by using DR. BLUFFER'S FACIAL DYE. No messy mixing. Won't wash off or rub off. Simply spray a little on your face. You will immediately break out into a flaming ball of Red-hot He-man color. **SHOULD YOU TURN BLUE**—Return the unused portion and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Don't delay. Only 10¢ postpaid.

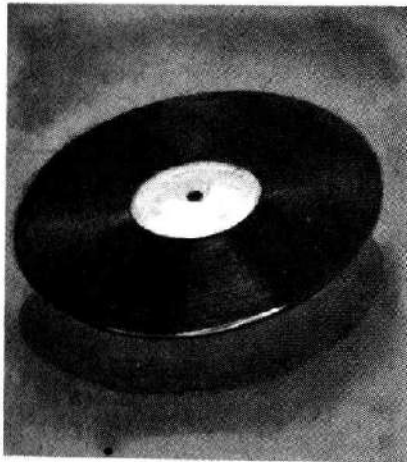
FERSHLUGINER COLORERS
Fiven, Tenn.

DO YOU WANT THE COOLNESS OF COTTON NEXT TO YOUR SKIN?



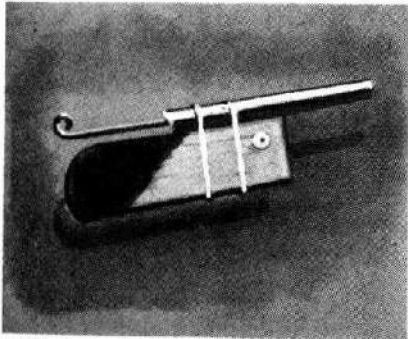
**The Incredible
Living Longjohn
by PLAYSEX**

FIRST BILLION-SELLING RECORD



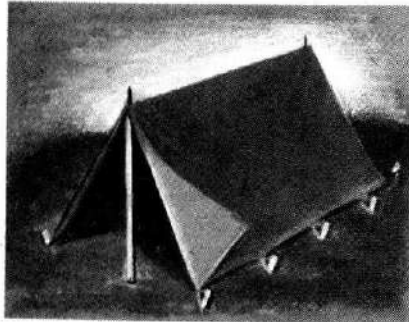
N12- Save time talking to parents. Just put the record on. Here are a few lines: "Pop, can I have the car..." "Gee dad, leave us alone and go upstairs with the old folks" ... "I'm not too hungry just give me some cotton candy" ... "Guess what, I flunked again" ... "Mom, I gotta get married" ... and many more. L.P. available in stereo and Mono.

RUMBLE WITH UP-TO-DATE WEAPONS



Z14- We carry any caliber zipguns with conventional or nuclear war heads.

NEVER WORRY ABOUT BEING LOCKED OUT



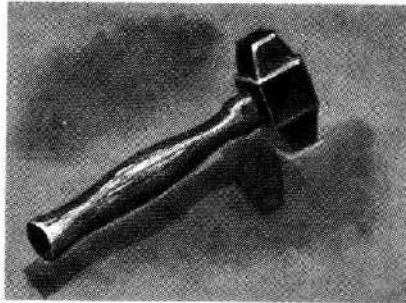
B74- If you come home late and you're locked out, sleep in your Sal Mineo pup tent. Tent also has a door you can slam.

44

SICK'S Teen AGE

HERE ARE SOME GIFTS FOR THE

CLEAR YOUR FACE OF UGLY SKIN BLEMISHES



X104- Acne smasher guaranteed to rid you of those hard to break pimples. Select either the Ringo Starr or Paul McCartney model.

SMELL IN STYLE



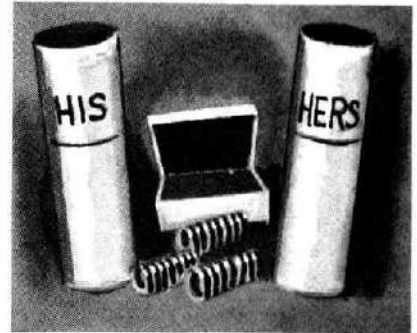
X34- Canoe Scented Airplane Glue with unbreakable nose-spray for you cats suffering from rose fever.

NEVER WORRY ABOUT FLUNKING



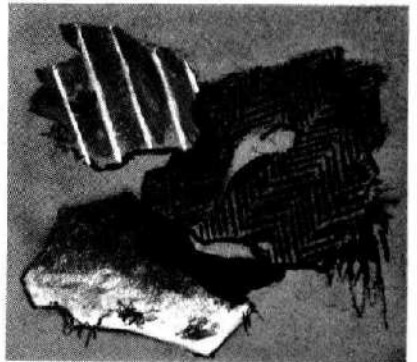
A74- Forget about ponies. Get the latest style shirts with 3 inch TV on the cuff. TV set has a closed circuit to Dean's office.

END HAIR-SETTING CONFUSION



P56 His and Hers hair spray, curlers, and dyes and hairnets. Eliminate the guess work of trying to match your hair with your date's! Follow our hair color calendar.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUIT



P9- Select your suit pattern. Worn by drunks found in the gutters of Carnaby Street.

PROFESSIONAL BLACKMAILERS TO LET



Q85- Frame the Dean or Principal. We suggest you hire one. If your shirt wasn't working during finals.

GIFT CATALOGUE

TEEN WHO HAS EVERYTHING !

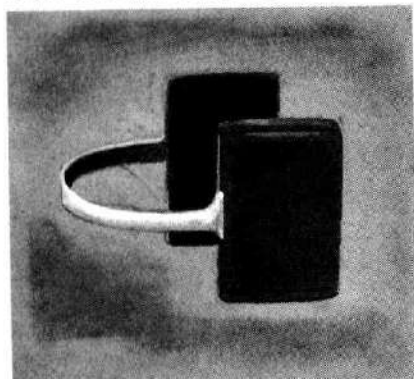
Script by Francis DiBacco

DICK CLARK CREDIT CARD



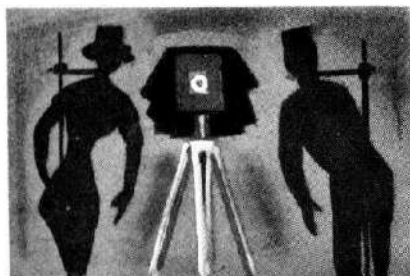
Q2- Good for any "under 21" Club in Devils Island. Good at any drag-strip; protests, sit-ins, or summer school.

NOT GETTIN' ANY LOVIN'?



X33- Horse Blinders. Put these on your boy friend at the drive-in so he doesn't neglect you.

PROM PICTURES FOR DROPOUTS



J42- Kids, we know you didn't last long enough for the prom. But come to our studios and we'll fix you up. You can have your picture taken with Christine Keeler or Bobby Baker.

AUTHENTIC CHINA



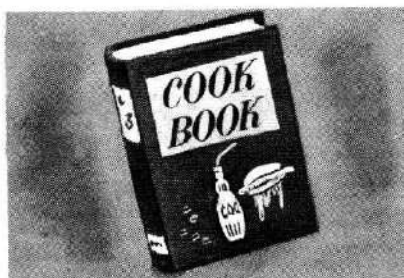
X111- 108 Piece set of dishes with portrait of monkees on the soup dishes, Patty Duke on the platters, and Gabby Hayes on the saucers.

PLAN YOUR TRIP



X32- LSD travel brochures. Don't be an acid head, plan ahead. Visit Puff the Magic Dragon at Hanalei! Get Little Jackie Paper's autograph.

TEEN COOKBOOK



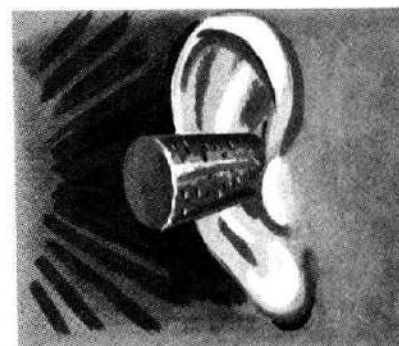
M500- Contains exciting recipes of the most famous teen dishes. Such as, hamburgers, hero sandwiches, texas wieners, nice and greasy. Also exotic drinks like, Mountain Dew, Kool-Aid, and Ovaltine and skim milk.

SMELL AS IF YOU'VE WORKED



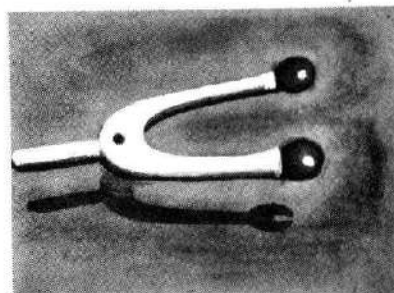
M132- One Gallon of "My Sweat" by Lenvin. This cologne smells like authentic perspiration. Your parents will actually think you did some work.

BLOCK OUT MOM & DAD'S NAGGING WITH EAR PLUGS



X44- Guaranteed sound-proof. Inscription on outside of plugs says "Why wasn't I born an orphan?"

MAGIC BOY OR GIRL FINDER



Y36- Actually can tell the boys from the girls hanging on the corner. Pink light registers for girls...blue light registers for boys. If light flashes pink and blue keep away from it.

CORRECT YOUR POSTURE. GET RID OF THAT SILLY RIGID MILITARY LOOK!



p7—Send for our 200 pound gloves. You'll get round shoulders and curvature of the spine in two weeks or your money back.

BRAND NEW ITEM! JUST OUT!



Y40—Voodoo Dolls! Exact replicas of your local fuzz. Boys, the next time John Law kicks you off the corner, pull out your doll and stick it with your hairpin. Watch him double over in pain. Girls, you can jab him with your switchblades.

ELIMINATE TOUCHING YOUR DANCING PARTNER FOREVER!



Q46—Electrically charged hula hoops with suspenders. Choose from the regular 40 volt model or the 10,000 volt model that protects you against old fashioned dancers.

DEMONSTRATE, PICKET, SIT-IN WITHOUT BEING HARMED!



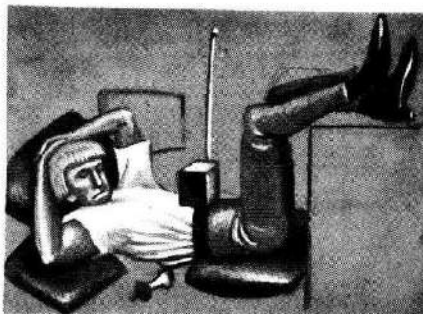
Z16—James Bond multipurpose trench coat. Coats contain rib pads, five inches of foam rubber around the neck, and a grounding wire that makes you shock resistant to a cattle prod.

HAVING TROUBLE GETTING SERVED? WANT TO LOOK OLDER?



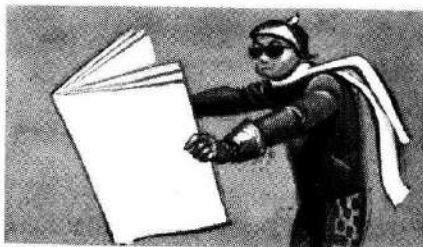
S12—Grown-up kit. You get a double breasted suit, a copy of the Wall Street Journal, and a magic pencil for marking in wrinkles on your forehead, circles around your eyes, and crowsfeet around your mouth. You'll look old in seconds.

TEENS DO YOU FIND YOUR NOT YOURSELF LATELY? DO YOU FIND THAT YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING? DO YOU WANT TO BE SOMEBODY?



J88—Well your worries are over. Just take a dose of Bob Dylan's ambition-destroyer. This secret elixir brings relief in seconds. You'll be your old wishy-washy self again.

SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR OWN PAPER — THE TEEN GAZETTE



045—No headlines, no editorials, no big words. The first 30 pages are blank. The only thing we print is the funnies and what's playing at the drive-ins.

TIRED OF DOING THE SAME OLD DANCES?



P79—Create your own exciting dance. Send for the Make-o-Dance Kit. Kit contains only two pieces. One: a basin, and Two: the Make-O-Dance rod. You fill the basin with water, stand in it, then grab your Make-O-Dance rod which is made of copper tubing, and plug it into an outlet. Go, go, go, baby!

DO YOU WANT TO BE DIFFERENT? DIVORCE YOURSELF FROM THE CREEPY ADULT WORLD

K29—Dr. Beowolf Di Paolo, world reknown plastic surgeon, has uncovered a revolutionary new way for teens to be different. Operations are very reasonable. Listed below are three favorite operations:



1. The Mod Teen Look—we move your left ear to your forehead for only \$399.98.

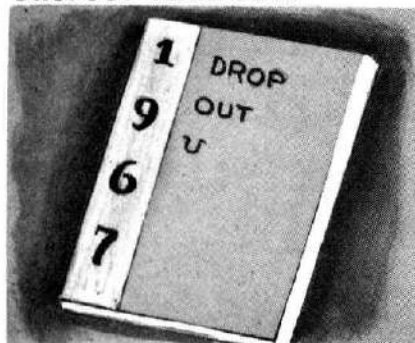


2. The Keen Teen Look—we move your eye to your left armpit for only \$58.50.



3. The Super Teen Look—We move your thumbs to your ear lobes for only \$67.75.

DROPOUT YEARBOOKS



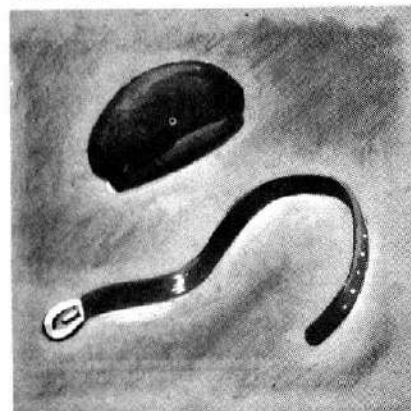
Y406- Just out—yearbooks for dropouts. Send us your picture. Looks like the real thing. Be "The Sports Star". Be "The Leader in Science". Be "The President of your Class". Names of other dropouts have been changed to protect the idiots.

DROPOUT SCHOOL RINGS



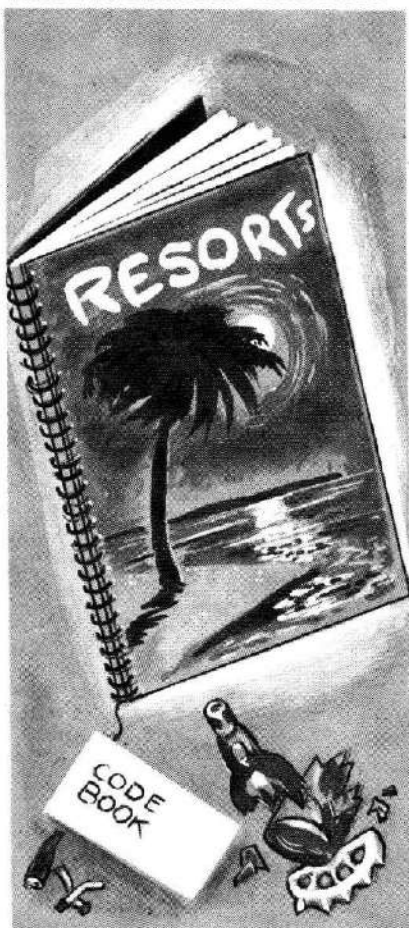
L48- With the year you flunked out on it, and the inscription, "Sic Semper Dummy".

TWO PIECE BATHING SUITS ARE "IN"



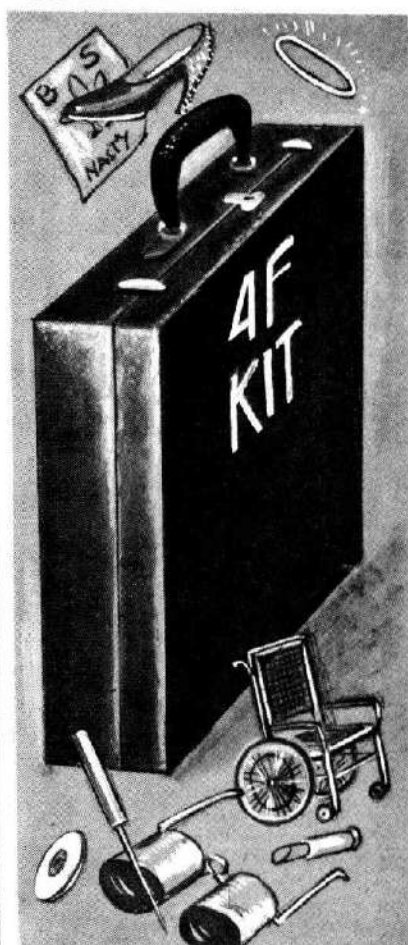
J12- Girls, if you're tired of striking out, get a two piece suit. A skull cap and a belt. Boys will be swarming all over you.

HAVE A SWINGIN' VACATION



Z65- Seashore resort guide. Coded in our secret teen language. This book gives you the complete low-down on which beach is best for rioting. Other features are: gives number of men on police force of all resorts; Amount of fines, where to get hooch, and many more helpful hints.

INSTANT 4F



Y60- Be-unfit-in-seconds kit includes:

- 1) Ice pick to puncture eardrum.
- 2) Rouge, lipstick and high heels.
- 3) Minister's robe.
- 4) Wheel chair.
- 5) 6 inch thick glasses.
- 6) Dishonorable discharge from boy scouts.

MAIL THIS HANDY ORDER FORM TODAY!

**YOU MUST BE
PLEASED OR YOUR
MONEY BACK**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ITEM NUMBER	HOW MANY	ITEM	PRICE



Wanted: Pen pals from California, gay, and full of energy. Prefers "Wheatleys," breakfast of champion eaters.

I am a member of the G.G.R.S., 5'8-1/2", blond hair & blue eyes. Garey Eley, 2607 Lanecrest, Dallas, Texas 75228.

Wanted: Girl or boy pen-pal, 16-22 years of age. I like music and hot rods. Ellis Raycurry, 907 Berry Street, Tupelo, Miss. 38801.

I'm a 6'1" 15 year-old Southern boy, I would like to have pen-pals all over the country. No special qualifications—just a sick or interesting letter. Bob Martin, 1325 Forbes Drive, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

I am 16 years old, a girl from Turkey. I would like to correspond with teenagers from U.S.A. on any subject. Kosuyolu Salih, Omurtak Cad. No. 64, Kadikoy-Istanbul, Turkey.

Wanted: Some female pen-pals, about 16-19 years old. Must be hip, cute with curves. Send picture. Would especially like Los Angeles and Hollywood, because I am going to move to one of those towns in 1969 and want to know some girls before I get there. I have a '67 Chevelle 396 4-speed. I love to go to wild parties and swim. I am 19, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'10". Richard Lee Doyal, 358 12th N.E., Paris, Texas 75460.

Blue eyed girl with reddish brown hair would love to hear from everybody, especially guys 20 years and older. I love to travel and love New York, folk, rock & roll music. Everyone write! My address is: Stephanie Conway, 7511 Marion Dr., Washington, D.C. 20028.

Attention girls. Average guy would like to get letters from girls of all shapes and sizes. Guy plays drums, trumpet, and guitar in a group, and sings to boot. Digs all modern music, especially Raiders, Stones, and Monkees. Please take time out to write to this loveable 16 year old guy. Please enclose snapshot. All letters will be answered. Dave Daniel, 591 Helen St., Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

Wanted: Cute girls 18-21, preferably college students to correspond with young veterans of Viet-Nam conflict. Please enclose photo and list of interests, etc. My

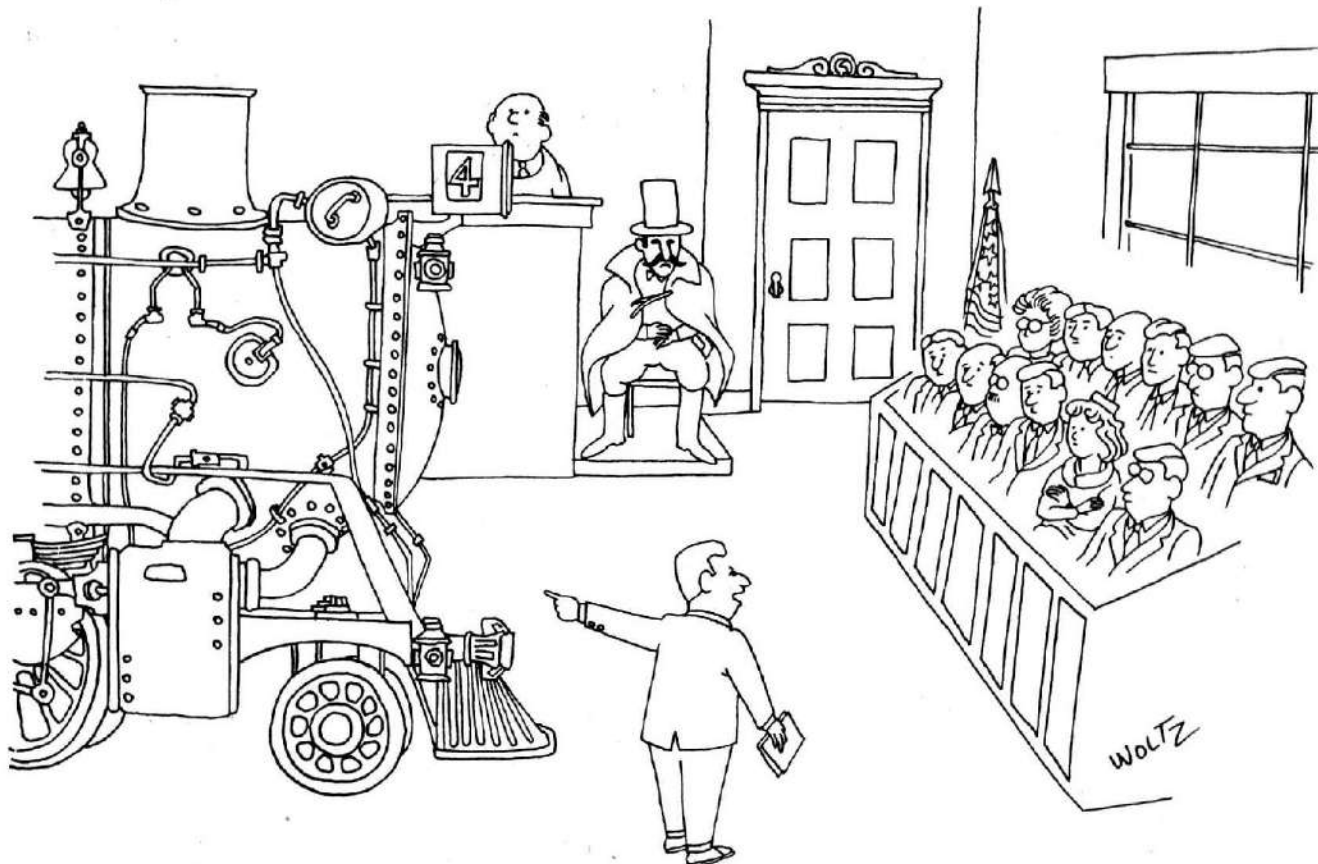
description 5'10", 21 years, brown hair and grey eyes. Dig sporty cars, cycles, and folk music. PFC Claude B. Grant, U.S. 52633897, Co. C., 4th Bn. (Mech) 54th Inf., Fort Knox, Kentucky 40121.

Desired: Any kind of girls who like action, fun and boys—especially me—I am 18, 6'0", ice blue eyes, dark blonde hair and red cheeks; interested in real hip chicks who dig the Rolling Stones, Jackie Mason and Paul Revere and the Raiders and motorcycles and money! George Varnai, 7135 N. Carpenter Rd., Skokie, Illinois 60076.

I would like very much to correspond with a girl of my age, which is 15. She must be around 5'6", cute and have blonde hair. I am 5'9", have black hair and green eyes. Peter Judson, 142 Easter Crescent, Kew, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Wanted! Handsome boy to 25, collegiate dress. Please send picture. I'm 18 with long blonde hair, 5'5", brown eyes. Love soft, slow, romantic music. I'm very affectionate. Write: Noreen Norcross, 73 Clinton Street, Newton, Massachusetts 02158.

For Hire: Two 23 year old bachelors (at time of going to press), both are owners of TR4 sports cars. Only ugly on waking up in the morning, looks improve as the day progresses; 12 feet high (combined); weight 158 lbs. (individually not totally); color of hair (under armpits) blond and brown (black when dirty); eyes—four. Blue. We dig computers (we have to, we work on them).



"I would like to call your attention to exhibit 'A', the murder weapon".

Clients Required: Dollies, at least aged 240 months; would prefer attractive and/or rich variety, however all applicants will be considered; photograph optional necessity; must be "Sick" and "Peanuts" lovers. R. Bramhill, P.O. Box 7735 (Computer Section), Johannesburg, South Africa.

A world traveled University of Illinois bachelor wishes to converse with cute or beautiful girls from any campus or anywhere. Les Letner, 404 Avondale, Champaign, Illinois 61820.

Would you believe? Humor, fun and beauty all wrapped up into two "Sick" packages? Sabrina Davis, blonde, blue eyed and 19 years of age—loves fellows with dark hair and dark eyes, but will write to all. The other package is best described as Angelique Adams, red hair, brown eyes, and 20 years of age—likes all types of boys. So boys between 19 and 22 write to: Sabrina Davis or Angelique Adams, P.O. Box 536, Bardonia, N.Y. "Become a believer"

Boy or girl 14-16—Like: Small faces, Barry McGuire, Monkees, Dylan, folk. Dislike: big-mouth girls, Vietnam. Am long-haired mod living on U.S.A.F. base in England. Simon Bovinett, Box 94, A.P.O., N.Y., 09179, New York.

I'd like a good looking male penpal, 17 or over, at least 5'8", good personality and kind of longish hair, not too long, though. I'm 17, 5'7-1/2", blonde hair, blue eyes. Any boys who meet the above standards, please write to—Charlene Seeger, 233 Pungs Point Road, Great Neck, N.Y.

Offered: 1 beautiful girl. Have perfect measurements. Like: Monkees, dancing, boys, surfing. Dislike: Big shots, James Brown. Wanted: Boy penpal 16-18. Hair any color, muscular. Please send picture. I have blond hair. I'm 15. Kathie Dreyer, 1726 Chaladay Lane, East Meadow, N.Y.

I will give answers and advice to all persons who want it. The cost is 10¢ plus a self-add. stamped envelope. I can answer any questions. All letters sent improperly will be destroyed. Also would like girl penpal, ages 14-16. Girl must look good, with curves. Send picture. B. Wade, 849 The Circle, Lewiston, New York 14092.

I would like to sell several Beatle Records. "Hard Days Night"—"Meet the Beatles," "Beatles Second Album," "Alvin Sings Beatles Hits." Joe B. Gilbert, Box 217, Brunswick, Mo. 65236.

NEXT ISSUE: PICTURES!



CONGRATULATIONS TO SICK'S LYNN LICHTY

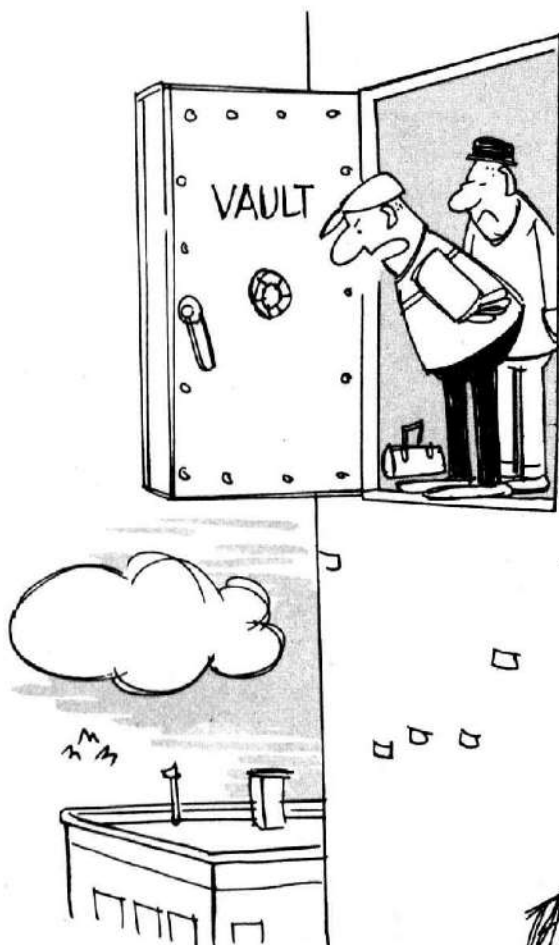
Lynn Lichty, our Ohio correspondent, has won the World Gagwriting Contest, according to George Q. Lewis, director of the Humor Exchange Network.

Lichty, co-owner of a skating rink, submitted the following gags:

An enterprising TV producer has combined the successful elements of recent TV shows "Peyton Place" and "My Mother, The Car" and came up with "My Sister, The Pickup."

- *Old politicians never die, they just steal away.*
- *I know a guy who is so henpecked he won't even eat food that disagrees with his wife.*
- *Know what they call a person who sneaks into a skating rink? A cheapskate.*
- *Hear about the guy who crossed a railroad sign with a topless bathing suit? I don't know what he got, but everyone stops and looks.*
- *I spent \$3,500 learning Karate, subdued a thug with it and the police booked me on a deadly weapons charge.*
- *I once knew a boxer who quit after losing 73 fights in a row. I guess he was just a sore loser.*
- *I lost \$2,000 today. December wheat went up 3 cents a bushel and I didn't have any.*
- *Hear about the new Government man doll? You wind it up, set it down behind a desk and it doesn't do anything.*
- *I went on one of those economy flights recently—the pilot was also the projectionist.*

The National Association of Gagwriters, a division of the Humor Societies of America, is now holding its 1968 National Gagwriting Championship. The contest is open to anyone and everyone, except previous winners of the contest. Competitions will be held for male, female and teen-age comedy writers. To enter, send 10 original one-liner gags on 10 different subjects, before Dec. 31, 1967, to the National Association of Gagwriters, Box 835, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017



"That's a dirty trick!"

BRIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK WITH THESE 2 SATIRE SPECTACULARS!

BIG SICK BIRTHDAY ANNUAL



featuring
THE BIGGEST KICKS
IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!

PLUS!



This Pop Art Masterpiece!
**A GLOSSY! FULL-COLOR!
3-PAGE FOLDOUT
OF THE "WHY TRY HARDER"
KID! AMERICA'S UNDER-
DOG MASCOT
HUCKLEBERRY FINK.**
Hang it in your den! clubhouse! bedroom! or classroom! This clod is so pitiful, just looking at him is guaranteed to make you feel superior! Will brighten your world! build you up! bring happiness and confidence! Also a good luck piece!

**LIMITED
PRINTING!
DON'T
MISS
OUT!**



**NOW
ON SALE!**

BIG SICK YEARBOOK

Besides a barrage of our most sickening features, this hilarious publication will contain **THE MOST COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK** ever published.

Furthermore, for our valuable bonus we commissioned Mad's (remember them?) most famous artist, Jack Davis (remember him?) to paint the second in our "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" series of Pop Art Masterpieces—**THE BURNING OF ROME** (remember that?). This rich, full-color painting features the SICK Laugh King of his time, the ever-popular **Nero**. It's a two-page glossy extravaganza, ideal for framing, that is worth **far more** than the 50¢ price of the whole magazine. We urge you to add to your "Let Us Entertain You" collection—or start your collection now! This fabulous reproduction has been hailed as **the** all-time pop-art showpiece!

Handy dandy coupon for your convenience . . . or send note . . . but above all, send money.

SICK MAGAZINE
32 West 22 Street
New York, N. Y. 10010

- ☐ Being a person of distinction, I am already the owner of the **BIG SICK ANNUAL #1** and, to complete my "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" collection, I am enclosing **50¢** for which you will rush me the new **BIG SICK YEARBOOK**.
- ☐ I enclose **\$1.00** for which I will receive both the **BIG ANNUAL** and the **BIG YEARBOOK**, which I will promptly mutilate in order to secure the two fabulous pop art masterpieces.
- ☐ I am too cheap to buy both the magnificent **ANNUAL** and the Incredible **YEARBOOK**, so I enclose **50¢** for one. Mainly, the . . .
- ☐ **FIRST BIG SICK ANNUAL**
- ☐ **NEW BIG SICK YEARBOOK**

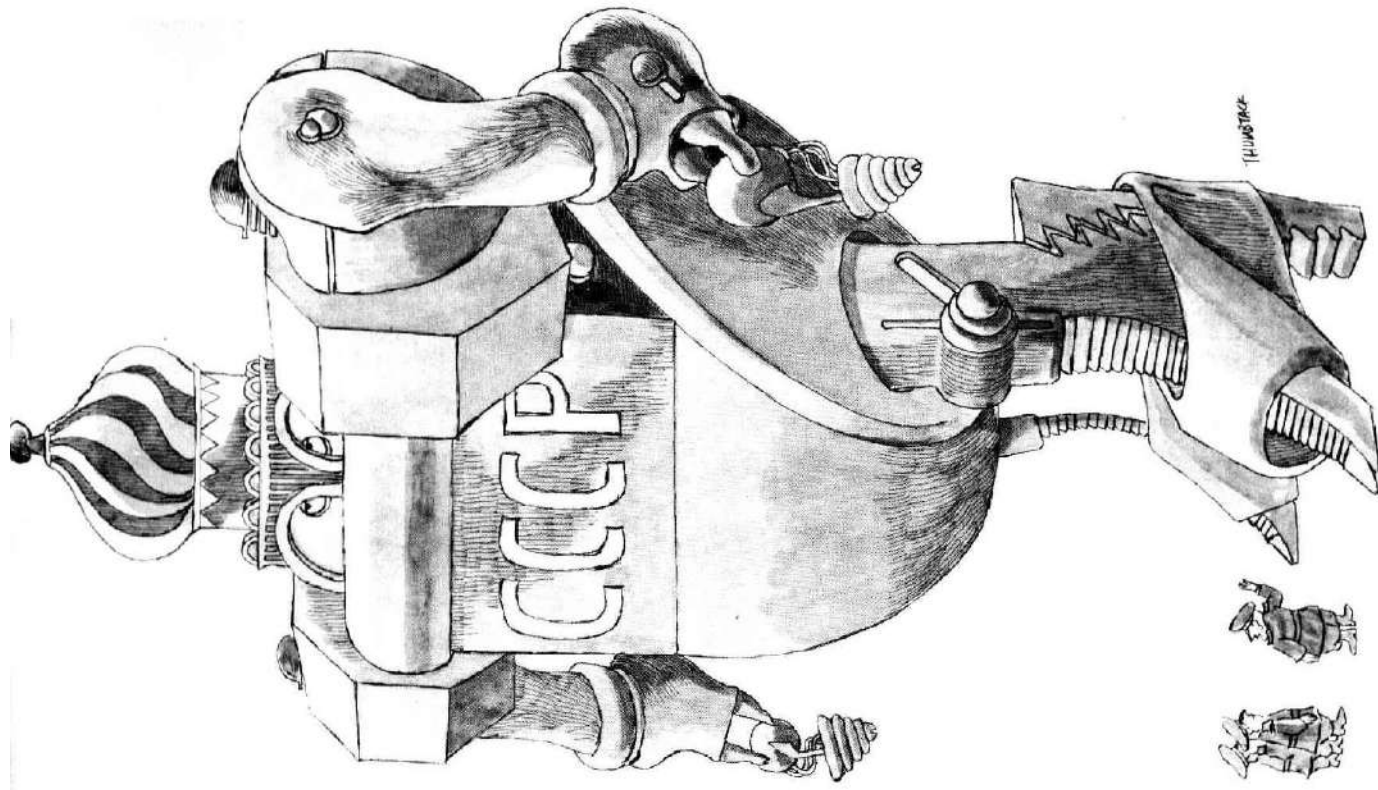
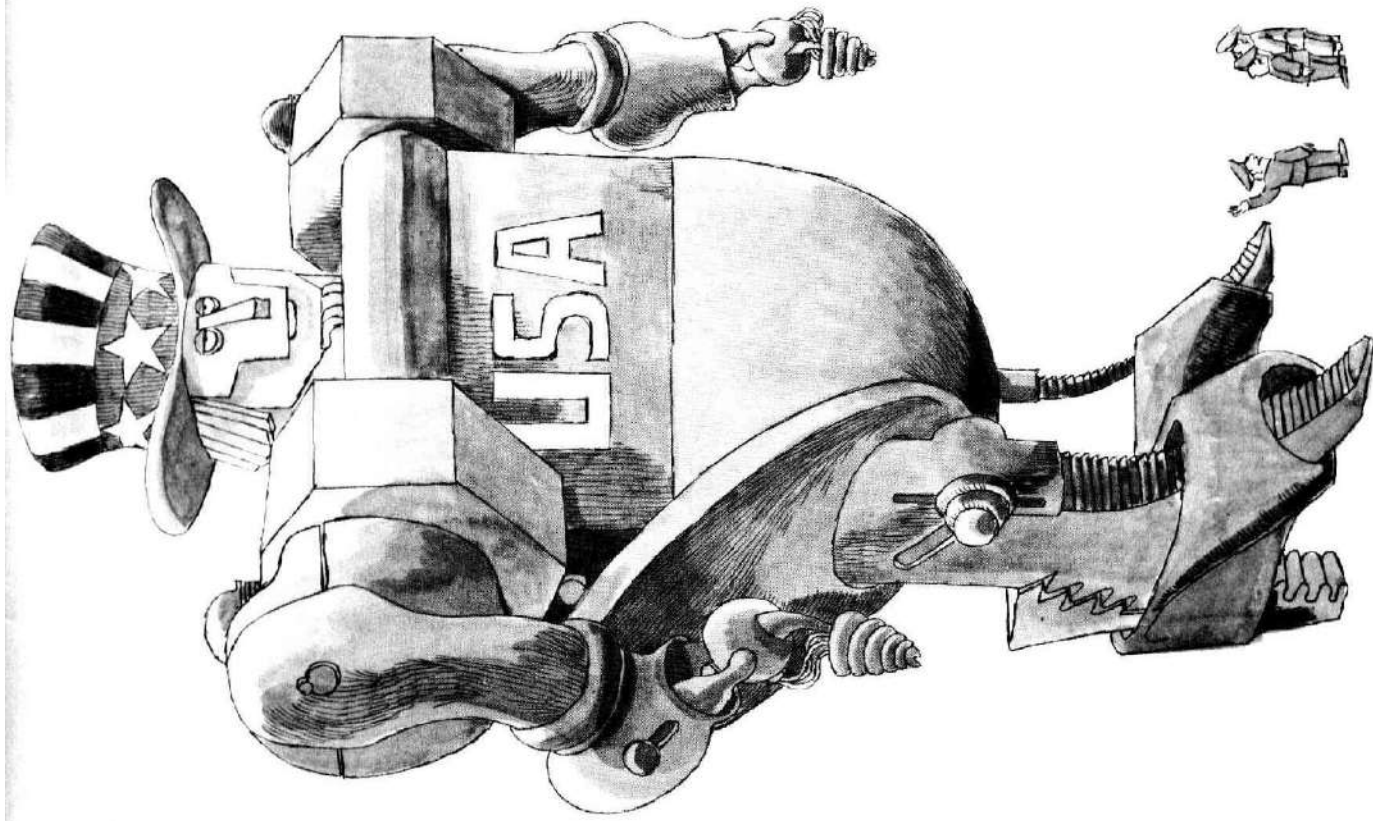
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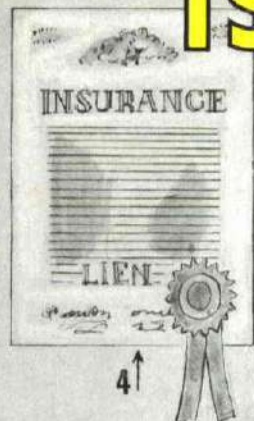
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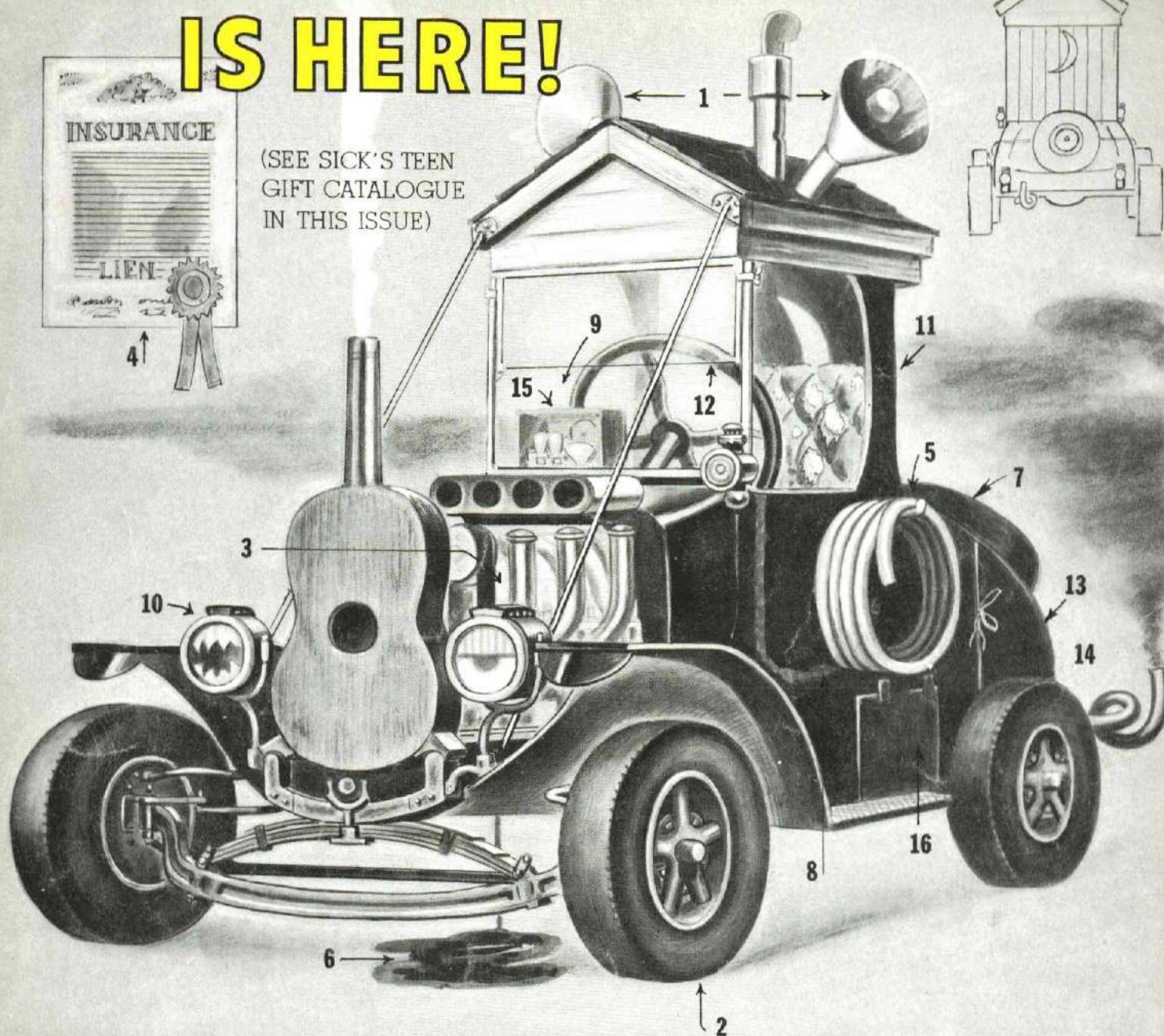
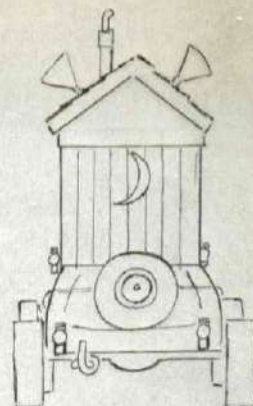


"Gentlemen, this new weapon will definitely swing the balance of power."

THE TEENMOBILE IS HERE!



(SEE SICK'S TEEN
GIFT CATALOGUE
IN THIS ISSUE)



S98—Customcrafts by Genghis "Wheels" McCullough. Save your cereal box tops and get one. Listen to these fab gear features:

1. **Two 18 inch bull horns**—everybody in a two mile area will know what station you have on.

2. **Solid rubber tires** specially treated to let off a screech when you dig out. They also leave an indelible black mark on your driveway.

3. **Motors** burn a tremendous amount of oil. Guaranteed to raise the smog count two points.

4. Don't worry about **insurance**

either. We pay for accidents and then put a lien against your dad's house.

5. Forget about **gas** money too. All cars come equipped with a **30 foot siphoning hose** attached to the gas tank. We also send you samples of the high test and regular gases of ten companies to taste, so you'll be able to use the same brand of gas.

6. All cars have **dripping oil pans** to mark up driveways.

7. You get a **spare tire** just like the other four: bald, and the threads showing.

8. **Doors** are soldered shut.

9. **Gas gauge** always shows empty.

10. One **head light** out.

11. **Ripped seat covers**.

12. **Extra large steering wheel** so lover and his date can drive together.

13. **Trunk** doesn't close. It's tied shut.

14. **Burnt out tail lights**.

15. **One-station radio** that plays nothing but rock and roll.

16. And as an extra added feature, a **trap door** so you can leave the scene of an accident.